TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 4, No. 19 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, APRIL 4, 1891. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 175

Around Town.

A railway trip from Buffalo to Toronto on a Sunday is one of the most aggravating experiences to be met with this side of the poverty-stricken sections of the Sunny South, where jerk-water railways lose business in competition with Mules and Malaria. I sometimes make this trip because I have either to suffer or lose a day, but I write of it now, not that I desire to have the time table of the Grand Trunk arranged for my special benefit, but because the treatment of those entering Canada at Suspension Bridge is a scandal to the country and causes more evil to be said of our city as a proper place for tourists to visit, than anything else I know of.

***

Our Yankee neighbors are used to as good railway accommodation on Sundays as on week days, and when setting out for Canada are not unlikely to start from New York, Boston or other large centers for a day of rest in a Pullman Car. Leaving New York at six o'clock they may reach Hamilton quite early in the morning, and must wait there till seven o'clock at night for a train to Toronto. If they take the 8.30 p. m. train from New York they reach Buffalo at eleven Sunday morning, wait till one p. m., loiter at the Bridge, reach Hamilton at three or four and start for Toronto at seven. At each of the places named they must change cars, lugging their baggage from one train to another and watching it like a hen doth her brood, unless ten cents for each package is paid at the parcel office. The Grand Trunk appears to be entirely careless of the comfort of those who are forced to use its lines on Sunday, though of course the pretentious Puritanism of the people who are continually inveighing against Sunday trains and street cars must be blamed for a part of the trouble inflicted on those who are forced to spend the Day of Rest in the most miserable manner conceivable. Yet the Grand Trunk might easily provide a through parlor car from Buffalo, where one's hand-baggage could be left in charge of a porter, and thus prevent all the changing, work and worry now incident to the trip; furthermore, they could run a train from Hamilton to Toronto to connect with the one from the Bridge. But they won't do it! They will do nothing to accommodate the public! The through cars from Toronto to New York are property the enterprise of American roads, but decent treatment of passengers dumped at the Bridge and awaiting transportation to so important a point as Toronto, is the Grand Trunk's affair. Regard for the Sabbath cannot be claimed as an excuse, when train loads of passengers are conveyed over the road at the company's convenience, and the public's inconvenience, on Sunday. Fifty or one hundred theatrical people were left loitering about Canadian railway stations last Sunday, each one anathematizing such management of a railroad, and as these people travel all over the United States, one can easily imagine the harm they do to both the Grand Trunk and the country it is supposed to serve.

***

In the waiting-room at the Bridge the question was being discussed, and there was a general expression of joy that the expected construction of a branch of the Canada Pacific would soon put an end to such a state of affairs. When the Grand Trunk has a competitor of course it will brace up and give the travelling public better service, but it will be too late. The people have suffered too long to forget the road which cared nothing for their time and comfort.

***

Astonishment is sometimes expressed at the phenomenal success of the C. P. R. in competition with the Grand Trunk. It is all to be accounted for by the dislike the public have acquired of the mean methods of the old road when it had no competitor. The lines from Niagara Falls to Hamilton and from Hamilton to Toronto are doubtless the most lucrative portions of the Grand Trunk system, and they are the ones where the passengers are most kicked around when Yankee enterprise does not provide through cars. If, however, the managers of the Grand Trunk could hear the expressions of delight over the prospective construction of a C. P. R. branch to the Falls and a fast through service to New York, they would "get a move on themselves," and that right quickly.

***

Every Canadian will be glad to hear of the purchase by the Allan Line of seven of the State Line steamers, some of them amongst the best of the Atlantic fleet. The same line have ordered a new "flyer," and it will not be long before the service via a Canadian line from Montreal will attract business which now goes almost altogether by way of New York. Thursday night week the West Shore and Erie through cars went out of Toronto crowded with passengers, nearly half of them bound for the Old Countries by New York. It is incalculable the oss this is to Canada. It is helping to build up New York at the expense of Montreal and our own sea ports, yet it is too much to expect the individual to sacrifice time and comfort by taking the old Allan liners. What Canada really needs is more McKinley Bill, a stoppage by Washington of the bonding privilege, and we will wake up to the necessity of building up our own sea ports and utilizing our own steamers. Now that the Allans have wakened up on one side and the C. P. R. have undertaken a first-class service on the Pacific, it begins to look like the establishment of a different order of things, and if our neighbors want to help us the best thing they can do is to get ugly and make it hard for Canadians to do business with or through their country.

***

I think we should always be careful not even to seem to disparage our Yankee neighbors, for as a rule they are bright and pleasant people, keenly alive to such opportunities as suggest money making, hospitable and generous personally, and as individuals are much more desirable as neighbors than they are nationally. Many of them living in Canada have been quick to see the possibilities of our country, and with one of these I had a talk last week. "Of course you know I am a Yankee," said he, "but I do business in Canada and think I can appreciate the position you people occupy. I have no love for your annexationists, I dislike them as I did our Copperheads in the time of our war. Commercially speaking they are wrong; what Canada needs is not annexation or commercial union, but more population. If there is any way of filling your North-West, it will solve the whole question. Annexation will not give you the people, but if in the next ten years you fail to get the population, annexation will be the result." I hope that we shall get the population; if we fail I fear his prophecy may be fulfilled. A nation, like a business, cannot stand still; it must either go forward or fall back. If England gives us a chance by a slight tariff advantage, we can fill our Northwest; if Smalley, the New York correspondent whose work has been confused with an utterance of the London *Times*, is right in laughing Imperial Federation out of court in chorus with Prof. Goldwin Smith, the isolation and disquiet of our people will make it impossible for Canadians to preserve the loyalty, which as expressed by Sir John Macdonald seems to the correspondent "rather ridiculous and slightly disgusting. If because we are attached to Great Britain and her institutions, if because we glory in a share of her glorious past and hope to have a share in her imperial future, we become objects of derision and disgust, in the contests to come who can hope that a wave of public opinion or such a manifestation of affection for the Mother Land as caused Sir John's return to power, shall again save Canada from a commercial, or even a political alliance with the United States?

***

The *Times* approves of Goldwin Smith's sneer at Imperial Federation as a "phantom policy." Then is not Britain's Imperial future a phantom? Downing street cannot have an India or an Ireland in America or Australasia. Our trade policy may not suit England, England's trade policy does not suit us. We may have selfishly failed to discriminate in her favor; she has as selfishly failed to discriminate in favor of her colonies. The present policy of both countries is likely to lead to an estrangement. If she treats us no better than the rest of the world treats us, taking pay for defending us by trading off our rights, then we can do no better than treat her as we treat the rest of the world, and get even with her by trading off her rights in this domain for such advantages as may offer. This seems to be the position of Goldwin Smith, and an attitude which seems proper and patriotic to those who are lauding his work.

***

I do not believe that either the English or Canadian people will accept such a contemptible estimate of their impulse. I do believe that in the next five years we shall make history very rapidly; that when the problems of our national future present themselves squarely and pressingly, we shall decide promptly and righteously. That such a decision shall involve the disintegration of the Empire, is not only absurd, but revolting; and yet it can be nothing else if Goldwin Smith and his party are correct in their estimate of what is "ridiculous, disgusting and phantasmal." If the chief self-governing colony breaks away, with her coaling stations and alternate route to India; if, indeed, this great colony is forced away, is it likely that Australia, South Africa and India can be, or will be, retained?

***

Canadian Independence is suggested. If Imperial Federation be "a phantom policy" what is Independence? It has been the dream of young Canadians, but it is a vision of the past. Complete autonomy we have, and must always have, but that we could increase our liberty or be safe from internal dissensions, or foreign aggression by endeavoring to establish a separate nationality, has but to be discussed in the light of recent events, to be found exceedingly difficult. If delegates from the various provinces were to meet to form a national constitution, the weak trades and vicious compromises of Confederation would be statesmanship beside the feeble and ephemeral result of provincial dickering. Or if the delegates were strong and insisted on forming a nation on proper lines, the caucus would end in a fight, and one section would rule the other as Russia rules Poland, with a club. Sentiment is scarce enough in Canada without Goldwin Smith and English scribes poking fun at it. It won't stand much mussing over.

***

Toronto is known all over the world as a Protestant city. Ignoring Belfast, it is quoted in encyclopædias as the capital of Orangeism. Within the memory of man it has not had a Roman Catholic mayor, which is no credit to it, as many Roman Catholics may have come into the City Council and gone out of it unrewarded for their exertions. What tires me is to see men who lead a lodge life of Protestantism and a public life of Catholicism. To be more explicit, it is wearisome to see a man obtain prominence by Orangeism and to make himself a permanent pensioner on public funds by pandering to Roman Catholicism. It would be just as distasteful to any decent person, if this city were Roman Catholic, to see a man obtain position by being a Roman Catholic and endeavor to maintain it by sacrificing his principles and pandering to the Protestants. It is a question, not of creed, but of manliness. The habit is not confined to one, but to the many.

***

The Roman Catholic vote being the most cohesive in Toronto, as well as elsewhere, has to be looked after. It is in no greater need of recognition than any other minority. Following is a quotation from what is presumed to be the organ of Mayor Clarke and his friends:

IN MEMORIAM.

The Council's Resolution Regarding the Late Father Laurent.

Mayor Clarke, Ald. Saunders and City Clerk Blevins formed a deputation from the corporation which waited on Archbishop Walsh yesterday afternoon, and presented his Grace with the resolution adopted by the City Council on December 22 last regarding the death of the late Vicar-General Laurent.

The resolution was in the form of a handsomely bound and beautifully illuminated volume, and was presented by the Mayor, who made a few appropriate remarks on the loss sustained through the death of the universally respected prelate. The Archbishop replied, thanking the deputation and the Council for the remembrance.

It will be observed to have emanated from the council which Mayor Clarke controlled. I do not object to the sentiment. The fact that the council observed during his life and recognized at his death the conduct of a good man, is not offensive, but it is noticeable that Protestant clergymen have died and been buried, and their good deeds have been interred with them while the City Council have not taken pains to "walk." It is not long ago that brother T. W. Jeffery, a Methodist parson, died. I am not infatuated either with Methodism or with its preachers, and those who have read these columns can scarcely claim that I have gone out of my way to do more than justice to them. Yet poor Jeffery died and there was no procession. His life was a poem, perhaps in the rough Walt Whitman style, but a beautiful episode in the ordinarily unlovely history of mankind. No poor man was ever turned from his door, no unfed beggar slammed his gate in anger, no unsolaced sinner was turned from his study door, no night was too dark, no life too unlovely to seek from the gentle Methodist parson something to cheer it through night or down to the gates of death. Forgetful of public criticism, he would lug stoves or stove pipes through the street, a basket of food, a bag of flour, a scuttle of coal! It could not disturb the dignity of his lovely life even though he carried them through the public street. The worth of his sermons, the beauty of his character, the singleheartedness of his life, the purity of his impulses, the godliness of all that he did seemed to perish with him, and no City Council stood by his grave or waited upon the presiding elder. Father Laurent was doubtless a good man, but he was not so beloved by the poor, revered by the rich, listened to by all as was Father Jeffery, yet the Methodist divine went down to his grave without a word of sorrow officially spoken by the city of Toronto, in which his good deeds, his sacrifices, the heroic things he did for Christ's sake were most marked. When he died and newspapers were saying pretty things about him in an apologetic tone, I was silent, for it seemed to me that the time to speak of the lovely life he lived was when people began to miss him, when his life and his example were fading into forgetfulness and his successor could not be nominated by the bereaved heart of the public. There seems to be no more opportune time than this to recall the memory of a much loved man, when the power of the city, forgetful of aught but votes, is devoting itself to honoring another worthy man whose life was at least not superior to the excellent preacher against whom nothing could be said except that he may have done as all the ministers of the honored denomination are permitted to do. I like and respect the Catholic clergy. They are men of the world. Father Laurent as a musician, as a man, was worthy of all the respect shown him. Father Jeffery was not so highly cultured, but, in the best sense of the word, a cosmopolitan. He loved the human family; he mourned, as few men mourn, the wife that fate took from him; he idolized, as few men idolize, the babe that was left to him; he ministered to the wants of the public, lingered by the bedside of the sick and dying, spoke comfort to those who cared not for life, gave solace to those who feared death, while, as he once told me, he himself was "lonely, oh, so lonely." Poor Father Jeffery, lovable as a husband and father, as a man; blessed as a minister, gentle, kindly and comforting as a friend, may we not drop a tear even now, over his grave, though the City Council have tears and comfort for none but those who have left influential executors.

***

I am glad to see that the Mayor has not been unseated. The verdict of the presiding judge seems to be, as others have put it "Not guilty, but don't do it again. Pay your own costs for seeming to be guilty." The Master-in-Chambers may give such a verdict, and even those who wish to see Mayor Clarke retired from public position will not be sorry. Time and a continuance of his office until the end of his term, are all that can be necessary. Just now a competition for the place would be an unfortunate thing. It is better to have the mayor we have and have him finish himself and exploit all the devices of the office grabber, than to disturb our affairs by a spring-time or mid summer election. We have just had an election which has quieted public business. We want no more.

***

I am not an authority on real estate and with two or three exceptions have never written about it. Yet in those isolated instances I took great pains to find out facts, and do you know that finding out the facts is the hard work of writing. It is very easy to skate over the depths of a subject on the crust of popular ice. It is hard to put on the trappings of the diver and suffer the inconveniences of going into the depths and seeing things as they are. I have been asked, not once nor a dozen times, but two score or fifty times, to express an opinion with regard to real estate as it is now. There is nothing against it. There is no reason why real estate which was worth fifty or a hundred dollars a foot two years ago, should not be worth more today. What we have to examine is whether values were inflated in the past. I have taken some pains and believe that Toronto prices were never inflated except in the remote suburbs where town lots should not be for sale at all. In the center of the city, in those districts where the unstretched imagination can conceive of dwellings being built, prices have never been abnormally high, and have neither gone up nor down during the past year. In the center of the city property is worth less per foot than in any place of similar size with which I am acquainted, and I know of no one who is making a struggle to unload it.

***

"Are we having very hard times?" "How do you find business?" "How does this spring compare with other springs?" These questions are being asked by everybody of everybody else, and I can answer every question favorably as far as my personal knowledge and enquiry goes. I never saw Toronto streets so crowded as they are now. One does not meet mendicants as one does elsewhere. Everybody seems to have something to do. The streets are not clean, yet there is an effort perceptible towards cleanliness. The water is bad, yet the city has not accepted bad water as a permanency. We try to right ourselves where we are wrong. The people are here, they are coming here. The city is so large that it is a magnet which can attract from every other urban and town center in the province. It sha'n't be long before we have ocean steamers at our wharves, whether the ship ways are built by convict labor or by contract. Toronto is bound to grow. Its future is the future of Canada. It is the center of journalism, thought, education, law, jobbing, and everything which attracts attention to a city. People who fail in small places come here and are forced into enterprise. People who succeed in small places come here and make their new ventures. General university education has extended but a medium distance, yet those

COMPANIONS.

who have made their little fortune come here to spend it and to educate their family. Almost everything of a city sort, conspicuously worthy of mention, in the province, is in Toronto. This city is not greedy but simply attractive. It pays more taxes, has less representation, is more overlooked officially than any other. Yet unobtrusively, naturally, permanently it is attracting population. Its greatness is assured. It has no competitor. Protection must develop one great city in the province. It surely can afford to develop two in the Dominion. Toronto and Montreal are mentioned in no category with others. Montreal will be our New York until ocean ships can pass it. Toronto will be the Chicago of the north no matter whether ships pass it or not. It will be the New York and Chicago both if ocean steamers can reach our wharves. There is no Canadian future like ours, no home life so pleasing, no educational opportunities so wide, no attempt at cosmopolitanism such as can be obtained here within the limits of Canada. Art, letters, science, everything is making its center here. Business, manufacturing, retailing, wholesaling, everything must have its center here, therefore we may be assured that our future is not uncertain. Speculation may have delayed, it may have advanced our prosperity, but the greatness of Toronto is secure and everything that is within Toronto must not only hold, but advance its value. A very good sign is the fact that nothing has retrograded. Even the outside properties are firm at the figures of their holders. Toronto's greatness can neither be made by a railroad, diminished by the removal of a factory, stopped by the machinations of a man or by an incompetent council. It is beyond all these things. It is great, and therefore, real estate within its legitimate borders must be valuable. If there are some who can't hold their property it is the misfortune of themselves and the city that they bought it; if some of it has to be sacrificed it will be hard on the holders, but it can't ruin Toronto.

* * *

In Manitoba the re-election of Attorney-General Martin is significant that that western province intends to adhere to the policy of secular schools inaugurated by him. Though Portage la Prairie gave him only sixty-one of a majority, it is in excess of his previous plurality, and we may expect Manitoba to insist on her right to legislate for herself. The fact that the bishops and archbishops of Canada have memorialized the government asking for the disallowance of the Manitoba School Act, which practically abolishes Separate schools in that province, enables us to realize how deadly an opposition to such reforms will be manifested by the Catholic church in every province. It is to them not merely a matter of policy, but of expense. If they cannot have Separate Schools supported by the state, they will have parochial schools supported by those who will be taxed for Public School purposes as well. One cannot but admire the insistence of the religious organization which refuses to put the education of its youth in the hands of those appointed by the state. If I were a Catholic and believed that outside of the pale no one could be saved, I have no doubt but that I should sympathize with their anxiety to retain entire control of the children of their communicants. Yet it seems to me possible to retain them without dividing the community into separate factions which must necessarily separate them socially from all other classes. Rome thinks differently, and to a greater or less extent Rome rules the world. No country can be found in which her organization is not perfect, and if she does not hold power she aims to hold the balance of power. In Canada Rome so nearly holds power that her demands are almost universally granted. In the matter of the Manitoba schools disallowance is almost impossible, or I fear it would be inevitable. The material is so inflammable, the ties which hold the prairie province so slender, that no liberties can be taken with the prejudices of the electorate. They are not deeply concerned religiously but they are in the pursuit of liberty, and to achieve this they deem it necessary that the community shall unite on an educational plain and maintain its unity against sectarianism.

* * *

I imagine that the interference of the bishops and archbishops in this matter, while it may not excite Protestant resistance, will alarm a very large section of the electorate. We do not admit as a people, that the road to heaven has any toll-gate upon it where clerics shall demand a confession of faith, in default of which the wayfarer shall be diverted to the woods. It must always be possible to have religious instruction imposed by private zeal upon a portion of the community, but it should always be at the expense of the zealots. Those who are superstitious or deeply pious are the victims of many efforts to remove money from their pockets to that organization which is supposed to superintend the proper removal of their souls from this world to congenial quarters in the next. It is not the intention of this article to obstruct the purposes of those who are endeavoring to shape the lives of mortals and to uplift the thoughts of those who desire to live. I believe in another world and a happier one, and thank God, and hold that it were better not to have lived at all than not to live again. No one can deny the utility of the religious organizations which, by their ministrations, make the people of to-day better than they would be if they lacked such instructors in the beautiful idea of right living here and of living eternally.

* * *

As far as a state is concerned, as far as we as citizens of a country can be concerned, education, either secular or paid for by the state, must be confined to the idea of improving citizenship. We cannot unite on a doctrinal method of making each voter sure of heaven, but we can unite on a system likely to make each voter more fit for earth. It is for this improvement of citizenship and the proper enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness by each individual, for the fostering of that which is good within us and the repression of what is bad, that we have government, and it is only by sticking to earthly matters that we can unite in insisting upon a government satisfactory to all. If the Roman Catholic church believes that this government is incorrect, it has the privilege of removing its supporters to such countries as may entertain a different idea as to the purpose of citizenship and the chief ends of being. Where Romanism has worked its system without opposition it has been such a dismal failure that now in Roman Catholic countries religion has less to do with politics, and with the most approved methods of advancing civilization, than in those lands where the church holds the balance of power. In such places they are strong because they can influence votes.

* * *

It does not follow that doctrinally they may not be right, or as near right as any organization can be right which is worked by human beings, as all revealed truth is common to the world and must be interpreted either by a school of theologians, or by the individual, privately or corporately. No one has a right to claim infallibility, and it is plain that no interpretation of any one school of theologians shall be forced upon a community, or any section of the community. That the tax payer and the tax gatherer must combine to propagate what a college of bishops may consider necessary for the salvation of a soul, has become an absurdity, and nowhere is its absurdity more generally acknowledged than in those countries which are purely Roman Catholic and where secular education is now insisted upon, not as a trick of politics, but as a public necessity.

* * *

It seems most astounding to me that in Canada, with the history of the world before us, we can be tortured by a recurrence of questions which in purely Catholic countries have been settled decades ago. How may we account for it? If Catholic countries refuse to continue the clerics as arbitrators in educational matters, by what possible hocus pocus is a divided community, a community in which Protestants are in the majority and Catholics in an aggressive minority, able to maintain a system of separate education which has been discarded where Catholics have been unembarrassed by Protestant factions? What can be more apparent than that in Protestantism there must be an intolerance deeper than even that most intolerant impulse which hates Rome and Romanism? When a community becomes divided and Protestants are in the majority, and Separate schools and theology find so great scope there is no argument in the world which can prevent us from arriving at the conclusion that the majority of Protestants are Separatists in their methods, that they add, by a division of the community and a tendency towards absolutism in religion, a power to Romanism which it cannot obtain when Protestant influence is absent. Separatists do not believe that "United we stand, divided we fall." They urge that it is untrue with regard to religious education. Protestantism stands united nowhere; Catholicism with its universal oneness, can be found at its best where it is aided by the competition and the absolutism of Protestantism which leads Catholics to become content by seeing the mental slavery of so many of their "heretical" neighbors. Where it is united its influence is lowest. Where Protestantism is strongest, a little band of Catholics well distributed through a number of constituencies find a power which cannot be obtained in a Catholic country.

* * *

It may be urged that the disunion of Protestants is the reason why power is thrown into the hands of a united minority. The reason is to be found in the intolerance of such Protestant bodies as profess to believe that the salvation of souls is their first aim, while the building of churches and the filling of pews can be proven to be their most earnest endeavor. Our Presbyterian brethren believe, according to their creed, that a man was born to be saved or damned without even the gambler's chance of tossing a copper or the drawing of lots, yet they are the greatest offenders in insisting that whether a human being is to be damned or saved he must be prayed for and preached at on Sunday and taught Biblical truths in the public schools. The absurdity of teaching a man or a child the catechism when his destination was decided millions of years ago, needs no comment. What it is desirable for us to observe is that it is these absolutists which give Catholics power. They are the ones who largely, if not almost entirely, by demanding religious education from state authorities, remove the whole question from the ethics of citizenship into the indefinite Puritanical and sometimes Pharisaical region, where neither elector nor parliamentary representative can be truthful or valiant without incurring the hostility of a sect. It now belongs to such a sphere of religio-politico buncombe that no matter what the religious belief, personal devotion, or thorough conception of public weal impels a man to believe in secular education, the moment he demands that the state authorities separate themselves from sectarianism, he is classed as an unbeliever, an infidel, a pagan, and a person to be ostracized by every one of decent impulse.

* * *

I have received from my friend the Q C. the following letter, which speaks for itself:

MY DEAR DON,—In your last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, in speaking of a poet we met while passing through Texas, you say: "My friend the Q.C. was innocent enough to travel with a poet who was occupied days. The face was dreadful, the ranch a vast waste of cactus plains, the poet himself the last man who should be given charge of a commercial enterprise."

Unintentionally no doubt, you put me in the position of having accepted the hospitality of a stranger and having gone away to complain of himself and the character of his entertainment. Do me the favor to insert the following facts in reference thereto:

The poet boarded at a hotel within about two miles of the nearest part of his ranch. I was only indebted to him for kindness in driving me over the ranch and showing me the stock thereon. I was not his guest at the hotel, and the fare which "was dreadful" was only a sample of a back country Texas hotel. The poet himself treated me with every kindness, put himself to inconvenience to give me a couple of days' shooting, and was generous and hospitable, as I have ever found Americans to be. As to the country of Texas, a matter of common interest, allow me to quote a few lines from a lately published poem by the same poet, describing it. Omitting the negotiations by which his Santanic Majesty becomes the owner of the whole of Texas, with *carte blanche* to do as he pleases, it proceeds:

"He began by putting thorns on the trees
And mixed up the sand with millions of fleas,
He scattered tarantulas along all the roads,
Put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toads;
He lengthened the horn of the Texas steer,
And put an addition to the rabbit's ear;
He nurtured a demon in the Broncho steed
And poisoned the feet of the centipede.
The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings,
And the mosquito fights you with buzzing wings;
The sand burs prevail and so do the ants,
And those who sit down need half-soles on their pants;
The heat in the summer's one hundred and ten,
Too hot for demons and too hot for men."

The extract is a short one but contains a good deal of description.

I remain,
YOUR LATE TRAVELLING COMPANION.

* * *

Last Tuesday the *News*, rushing to the assistance of its progenitor the *Mail*, saw fit to deny a statement made by me last week. For obvious reasons I have an affection for the *News*, and have tried to treat it fairly, if not generously, though occasionally finding it necessary in my work to criticize articles which have appeared in its columns. In what I wrote last week I referred to the original founding of the paper, not to its present management. What I said I am prepared to prove, and though the task will be not pleasant one if the denial of the charge is repeated, I shall proceed to undertake it. I happen to know that the article in question was written in the absence of the editor of the *News*, and shall not consider the untruthful and unjustifiable things contained therein to be the opinion of the paper unless they are endorsed or reiterated by some one who has authority to speak. With regard to the attack upon myself and my record, it would be easy to reply in the same bitter strain, for when it comes to a competitive examination of records I do not fear the result. DON.

EASTER WEEK

CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Our Friends Away---Our Neighbors at Home

How Toronto Makes its Amusement—A Minor Chord in the Song

A smiling little postwoman in a very large hat brought me the daintiest little missive this morning. "Look lithhis," said she, proudly—and I looked. It was the quaintest little greenaway sketch of a small creature addressing a row of other small creatures in these words: "Please come to my party!"

*

And when I had unhesitatingly accepted, and the little woman had trotted off, I began to muse over the idea of children's parties in general. "From four to seven" reads my little hostess's invitation, and the first thought I have is that a children's party should never be later than that—just a very little dissipation and break away from bed hour, which of course everyone knows is, in a properly regulated nursery, not very long after chicken roosting time. It is not difficult to plan the entertainment of little ones who have been kindergartened in school hours. They entertain themselves generally with songs, games, quaint fancies and original ideas. What a difference these few years of that blessed system have made in the "wees!" So they dance and sing, and fly as birds, and hop as toads, and growl as bears, until "tea" is announced. I am hoping just now that my small hostess is going to have a birthday, because then I shall see the birthday cake, with its six little candles—alight—and shall have the fun of blowing out my candle to her future happiness.

*

I was bidden to a birthday party some days since where the little ones danced a set of Lancers to their own singing. The idea was evolved from the fertile brain of a kindergarten teacher, who has arranged the instructions for the figures to be sung to the old Lancers music. The children learned in no time, mites of three becoming quite *au fait* at the business, and one of them kindly promising to instruct his Presbyterian grandmother as soon as they returned home! The expression of the grandmama, and the earnestness of the small boy was one of those pretty things one seldom has the good luck to see.

*

And then the "tea," with its minature dishes and dainty jellies and bon-bons, and, oh! the calm contempt of the universal "No, thanks," that greets the homely first course of bread and butter! I saw it go round a table of twenty little epicures one evening, and was very much tickled to observe the tactics of the maid who carried the despised plates. She quietly whispered to the first refusal as she began her second tour, "Bread and butter first, miss!" and twenty comprehending little scamps obediently emptied her plates. And aren't we big children just like them? Eager for the flummery, the dainties, the sweet things of life, until fate sends forth her penetrating whisper of "bread and butter first."

*

Everything for the children's tea party should be dainty, and such harmless dainties as will not "bring repentance on the morrow's morn." And woe be to the greedy boy—the "stuffer," if I handle the goodies. It is mistaken kindness that makes me groan, which urges, "Just another slice," on the willing but over-loaded youngster, and many a headache and sudden outburst of cussedness follows on the too hospitable hostess' repeated replenishing. One grievance the children sometimes have, and it was thus comically stated to me by a small boy last week: "We were having a lovely time, when a lot of big folks came in, and they were real rude!" I opened great eyes of unbelief, when he continued earnestly: "Well, you told me it was rude to make remarks about people's clothes, and say they were pretty or ugly, and to ask too many questions to people about themselves, and that's just what they did!"

*

Grandpas and grandmas, uncles and aunts, don't you think that little chap was about right?

*

The first annual reunion of the Erminie Club was held on Easter Monday evening, at the residence of Mrs. McDonald, 241 Sherbourne street. Those who enjoyed the privelege of attending this initial party spent a most delightful evening and united in determining that though the first, it should not be the last of the entertainments given by this club. Among those present were: Misses Dodds, Mulkins, Halliwell, McFall, Alexander, Biggar, Walker, Platts, O. Platts, Cook, E. Walker, Wallace, Winfield, McDonald, Bull, Hartstone, Hawley, Taylor, and Messrs. Reburn, Gowan, Allan, Saunders, Lindsay, Holcroft, McDonald, Smith, Eaken, McEachran, Shaw, Egan, Hall, Davies and Wilson.

*

Miss Edna Percy of Napanee is the guest of Miss Kelso, Rose avenue.

*

Mrs. G. T. Blackstock has left for a summer sojourn in Europe.

*

Dr. William Osler of Johns Hopkins' hospital, Baltimore is visiting his brother, Mr. B. B. Osler.

*

Mr. James Ryrie sailed on the Germanic last Wednesday. Business and pleasure combined take him to Europe.

*

A pleasant evening's entertainment was provided by the Alpha, Ontario and Toronto Lodges of the Knights of Honor last Monday evening. The programme was composed of songs, addresses and selections by the Taylor's Safe Works Band. Bro. T. West occupied the chair.

*

I was afraid, on Wednesday, to ask any artist man or woman what had become of the fancy ball for fear they would say in a silencing manner—April fool! but really, I am rather cross with them for playing upon my credulity and setting me all agog about nothing! Only a society editor knows what a bonanza is a fancy ball. The pretty dresses, all new, all interesting, can be freely described and commented upon without wounding the most sensitive or shrinking *debutante*, and we have so few interesting social events to write about in the demisaison. Perhaps that explains the collapse of the fancy ball, just that it came too late in the social year for a great effort. Some of our most energetic fashionables are already on the wing to the continent, some are packing and bidding farewell. To the novice the thought of the trip is all absorbing, while to the more *blase* it still brings care of preparation. And for this reason, among others, the evening to which I was looking forward has gone by without the sound of the dancers' tripping feet and the sight of their brave array. Ah, well. It will come with Christmas, promise those who know, and let us hope it may prove worth the waiting for.

*

It is with sorrow we chronicle the death of Mr. W. H. C. Kerr. His literary and professional abilities have made him known to our people, and his financial ventures have left our city many handsome landmarks. To the church of which he was so devoted a member, to those of us who were fortunate enough to count him as a friend, his decease, after months of invalidism, brings many regretful thoughts, and to his family we offer our most sincere sympathy.

*

The last At Home of the season, given by the buglers of the Queen's Own, was held last night at their rooms, corner of Church and Colborne streets.

*

Mr. Frank E. Galbraith left on Monday for Europe. His destination is Paris, where he intends making an extended visit.

*

While this week's notes on society's doings are being printed, I hope to be enjoying the sweet singing and artistic playing of the Wednesday Musical Club. Next week I hope to be able to tell you all about it.

*

Mrs. E. H. Duggan received her many friends on Thursday evening.

*

Little Miss Parsons of Ontario street entertains her friends this afternoon.

*

Rev. T. C. Street Macklem sailed for England on Thursday, where he will rejoin Mrs. Macklem and tour for a couple of months. We wish the rector of St. Simons all the pleasure and interest possible in his well-earned holiday, and hope to welcome him and his charming wife back in due time to our midst.

*

The president of the Toronto Vocal Society has just returned from a delightful week of Wagner opera in New York. No one in Toronto could better appreciate such a feast of good things.

*

Miss Eileen Kertland entertained her youthful friends last week. Ten little tell-tale candles twinkled on her birthday cake, and ten times ten good wishes blew them out.

*

A small, but enjoyable tea was given last Monday at the residence of Hon. Charles Pope. Among those present were Mesdames Merritt, Cosby, Armour, Crowther and Holland, Misses Rutherford, Cawthra, Dick, Ross, Fraser, Smith, Spratt, Greene, Bunting, and Messrs. Howland, Vickers, Jones and Ross.

*

Mrs. Dr. McFarlane's pretty tea was well attended in spite of Wednesday's wretched weather. It was strictly feminine, the hostess relying on her more intimate friends to see after the comfort of her guests. Such charming cavaliers are certain to make everyone happy and at home, and I spent a pleasant

(Continued on page Eleven.)

WM. STITT & CO.

DRESSMAKING
Latest Styles, Perfection in Cut and Make

MILLINERY
All the Newest Spring Novelties

MANTLES
In Great Variety and Leading Shapes

Special Lines in Gloves for Easter
From 90c. up

R. & G. CORSETS
HOSIERY

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE
REGENT HOUSE
11 & 13 King St. E. Toronto

It's as easy for newly married couples, or any other people for that matter, to purchase a really good Piano as it is a cheaply made one. We tell the secret.

Our New Scale Pianos are unlike any others in the market. Their tone when heard tells the difference.

You are conscious of a sweeter and more liquid quality of tone than you ever before heard in a Piano. This feature strikes all alike. The musician speaks of it. The singer wonders why it is so easy to sing to. The student marvels at the ease with which he can practice for hours without tiring.

We take pleasure not only in selling these beautiful Pianos at a moderate price and on liberal terms, but also in showing them to all who care to call at our Warerooms, 68 King Street West.

DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO.

MOTH CAMPHOR
A SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH

A chemical substance obtained in the distillation of coal tar. Much superior to ordinary camphor for the preservation of
Furs, Feathers, Plush, Woolens, Hair
etc., from the ravages of moths.

TO BE HAD AT
McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE
230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

THE TORONTO ART GALLERY, WITH dressing and smoking rooms, is available for "Private Balls," "At Homes," "Receptions." Rent—Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35. Apply GEO. C. DOWNES, at the Gallery.

TAKE THE OLD RELIABLE
CUNARD
SS. LINE
FOR EUROPE
S.S. SERVIA, APRIL 11
W. A. GEDDES - - Agent
69 Yonge Street, Toronto

WINTER
TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY
TRANSATLANTIC
LOW RATES NOW IN FORCE
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Gen. S.S. and R.R. Agt., 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

N. G. LLOYD S. S. LINE
Fast route to Southampton, London, and Continent.
Patronized by those who desire comfort with excellence

Immediate application is absolutely necessary in order to obtain berths on East-bound and West-bound passages during the traveling season.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent,
72 Yonge St., Toronto.

Mental Phonographs.

He (after marriage)—What! You have no fortune! You said over and over again that you were afraid some one would marry you for your money.

She—Yes, and you said over and over again that you would be happy with me if I hadn't a cent. Well, I haven't a cent.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

INVITATIONS
To Weddings, Dinner, Dance and Juvenile Parties
Menu Cards, Visiting Cards, Ball Programmes, Etc.
THE MOST FASHIONABLE PATTERNS.
JAMES BAIN & SON, 39 King St. E., Toronto

Boudoir Gossip.

I remember once, when I was quite small, being sent away to school, far away, and for months and months.

The first morning, when I came up from breakfast, I was forced to enter the large schoolroom alone, and announce myself to the teacher.

I pushed the door gently open and walked blindly in, saying in the most unnaturally deep bass tones:

"I AM THE NEW GIRL."

The girls laughed quite out loud. It was so near holiday time that laughing came easy, and I glared at them in speechless rage and mortification. I have always fancied it was my deep toned voice that upset their risibles. Therefore, I feel so safe and happy to only have to *write* my announcement, dear readers,

"I am the new girl."

"Talking about Irishmen," said the professor, meditatively, "did you ever notice that an Irishman's first impulse is to agree with you, while a Scotchman's is to contradict you," and really now that he puts it so—isn't it true?

•

I was at a very crowded church last Sunday—a church all athrob with the happiness of Easter morning. There were banks of lilies and roses and all pure, sweet, white blooms—and delightful music and hearty responses—and there were two people who talked. I wonder if they knew how wicked they were? And are they to be charged up to their account or to mine, those "thoughts which arose in me?"

•

The sprightly five o'clock tea flourishes like a green bay tree, in season and out of season. If one assembles congenial people and limits the number, or even in a crowd, has regard to the eternal fitness of things in grouping one's guests, what more charming than the glowing lighted parlors, the merry hour of chatter, the informal flitting in and flitting out, after a taste of the sweetness and light.

Apropos of five o'clock teas a learned friend told me the other day that I should find a description of one in the paraphrases of the Psalms of David. I looked in the psalm he indicated and found this:

"Who in their hearts mischievous things
Are meditating ever—
And they for war assembled are
Continually together."

•

I was much interested in hearing Mr. Houston speak to the Wednesday Reading Club, upon the Education of Women—some happy little hits and some sensible suggestions caught my ear. I was especially taken with his plea for education instead of accomplishments, for which latter, he frankly assured us, men cared but very little. His picture of the unfortunate little being, who, with no music in her soul, is forced to pound out scales and exercises by the hour, and after years of daily penance, gets married, and "gives up her music," led, amid many deprecating smiles, to a serious consideration of the waste of time and patience, and the wear of nerves which such a proceeding involved. One could scarcely help calculating how many sciences, or languages, or how much literature one could have made at least a bowing acquaintance with, in all those dreary hours of drudgery passed on the piano stool.

•

Mr. Houston went back a decade and told us the history of the struggle for admission into our University made by the first four plucky women who entered therein as students, and he predicted a hundred fold increase very soon for the present class of seventy-five; and the sister of one of the noble four sat by and smiled happily, and we all agreed in doing honor to them. Education, independence, self-respect, and one fancied Edward Bellamy's daughters already peopling the earth!

•

"Do you sing?" asked a society belle of a young German at a musicale the other evening. "But a very little, madam." "Just for your friends?" she sweetly queried. "Not at all, madam, for mine enemies!" answered the Teuton, with immovable gravity.

•

Do you know that there are a number, a great number of girls, in age ranging from sixteen to thirty, who endure days of slow wretchedness, with apparently many material blessings and hosts of companions and friends. If you do not believe this, open a correspondence column, confidential and genial and helpful, and see how many appeals you will get for a diagnosis of the disease of unhappiness from the pens and hearts of "our girls." They tell you that they are lonely, tired, irritable, sick of themselves, etc., etc., and ask you "for gracious sake" to tell them what is the matter with them. Very wretched, is it not? and we are apt to say hastily "Silly things!" but isn't it better to try ever so feebly to help them out of their misery? It is too simple, is it not? Something to do, or something to love. Those two will cover almost everything. No time left for morbid self-depreciation, no place left for the ache of an unsatisfied heart. You, Mademoiselle Forty Thousand, yawning in your beribboned chair, writing to SATURDAY NIGHT on scented paper, with a monogram and a crest! Something to do! You, Miss Maid-of-all-work, plodding along among strangers, whose faces you know, but not better than the painted pictures you seldom dust in the grubby sitting-room. Something to love! Notice, I don't say somebody, that were sometimes playing too dear a game for you, poor lonely child, but something—a bird of your own, a dog, yes, even a kitten to purr and cuddle beside you in your loneliness, and listen with solemn winking eyes to all your grievances, until you burst out laughing in her face. Her calm content and unfailing energy will somehow soothe and brighten you, soulless little feline as she is, and you will find out how much you love her, when the butcher's dog chases her and well nigh shakes her to death before you.

You will probably not try this medicine, mademoiselle, but live on discontented and grumbling, a martyr to yourself alone; but, oh, my sister, there are the sick, the sorrowing, the hungry, in even the smallest community, and they hold in their wretched hands the cure of your disease. Go and buy it from them—with, not your gold, but your shrinking, your effort, your stumbling words of sympathy, your startled peep into these sorry corners of God's garden—and the next time your scented envelope comes to me may it contain these words: "I have found something to do."

LADY GAY.

The Sweetest Eyes.

For Saturday Night.

Which are the sweetest eyes to you?
The brown, where fire and languor meet,
The sunny, laughing eyes of blue,
Or black, with glances shy and fleet?

Or opaline, with changeful hue,
Or gray, where mind with beauty vies,
Or violet, so soft and true—
Tell me, which are the sweetest eyes?

My darling bent her sunny head,
Her radiant face smiled half divine,
"The sweetest eyes to me," I said,
"Are those that look with love in mine."

A. A. S.

Where Julien Gordon Lives.

An inconspicuous brown-stone house in East Twenty-fifth street is the residence of the now famous author, Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, whose identity was at first concealed under the *nom de plume* of Julien Gordon. There is nothing outwardly to mark it for distinction, and only after one passes through the English basement, fitted with ante-chambers in foreign fashion, and following the softly carpeted stairway leading above, does the individuality of the place become impressive. From the instant the heavy portieres are pushed aside, an atmosphere of exquisite and reposeful luxury enchains the attention. At once there is recognition of a new note in furnishings, with a vague sense of Old-World dignity and grace.

"Show me her surroundings, and I will tell you of the woman," may be accepted as uniformly true of the mistress of a household and her environments. Inanimate objects are sensitive in a way to the spirit that lives near and animates them, and in those things she chooses for her setting one reads a faithful transcript of the tastes, necessities, and will of the *chatelaine*.

There are two small drawing-rooms and a boudoir in the suite entered through the richly draped entrance from the upper hall. These first apartments are eclectic in their furnishings, rather sumptuous than otherwise, but subdued in color, and free from the riotous display of bric-a-brac that mars so many otherwise delightful modern interiors.

The second drawing-room, here pictured, is hung, both walls and ceiling, with old rose brocade, and has window draperies in deep crimson to correspond with the warm draperies of deep crimson to correspond with the warm tint of the upholstery and the dark Persian rugs covering the highly waxed floor. Directly opposite the clear French mirror sunk in the wall above a low mantle-shelf, is a cannepied recess, where soft crimson hangings fall on either side of the lavishly cushioned nook. The red curtains sweep downward in full folds, fitly framing the handsome woman seated within their silken shadow. A Louis XV. screen, a table of rare Venetian workmanship, *etagere*, costly Russian furs, bits of marble, and a few choice pictures add life and interest to the pretty room. A noticeable feature of the apartment are many long leaved tropical plants, drooping their rich foliage above the white statuettes, against the rose-tinted walls, or where great bowls and baskets of lovely flowers keep the air fragrant with the perfume of sunshine and spring.

From this central drawing-room a glimpse is caught not only of the front parlor, but, between double portieres, of a small but perfect boudoir in the rear. Here everything is pure Louis XVI., and presents a pleasing and striking contrast to the rest of the suite. Hangings, gilded chairs, and lounges, the stately fireplace, even a charming portrait of the gifted lady of the house, everything framed in strict accordance with the styles of the Louis XVI. era in France. Warmth, light, color, and an air of supreme daintiness prevail in every part, making this excellent interior one of unusual beauty.—*Illustrated American.*

Theatrical News

Mr. Hamlet Ticounter (on the home stretch). What are you doing, me boy?

Me Boy—I'm hidin' eggs an' savin' 'em for Easter.

Mr. Hamlet Ticounter—Ah, indeed! What company opens here at Easter?—*Puck.*

A Peculiar Matrimonial Adventure.

"I have a friend who until a year ago resided in Chicago, but who now lives at Sioux City, whose marriage was brought about by a matrimonial advertisement, but it did not occur in just the way such unions are supposed to. He inserted an advertisement in one of the Chicago papers for the same purpose many do—just for the fun of the thing. He represented himself to be a young lady wishing to correspond with a young gentleman matrimonially inclined. Several young men answered the advertisement and he derived not a little quiet fun in the deception he was practicing. One of his correspondents wrote a beautiful hand and the letters were models of composition. The 'old, old story, ever new,' was repeated in letters elegantly written and delicately perfumed letters in a manner that would have won the heart of a princess. My friend half regretted at times that he was not what he represented himself to be, for he believed that the author of the letters was a young man whose love any lady might be proud of. At first he laughed at the letters, then he admired them, and later on he was sorry he had carried the deception so far for he felt that he had interested a heart that was too deep, too pure, too earnest for trifling. My friend personated the ideal lady as nearly as it is possible to do by letter. Finally an exchange of photographs followed. My friend sent the photograph of a young lady of perfect beauty and received in return that of a handsome young man. My friend waited patiently for the young man to propose a meeting and marveled much that he did not do so. A few strong hints written between the lines had the desired effect, but the correspondent strangely expressed no desire to call at the home of my friend, but named the lobby of a certain theater as the place of meeting. At a certain hour each should appear there wearing a yellow rose for a boutonniere. At length the farce was to be ended, and my friend repaired to the rendezvous, secretly hoping that he would not be recognized. With a sense of guilty trepidation he reached the appointed place. There were several gentlemen there, but neither wore a yellow rose. Just then he came face to face with a young lady wearing the flower indicated. They looked into each other's eyes while their faces colored up painfully. My friend was nonplussed, but finally stammered: 'Is this Mr. A.?' She answered by asking, 'Is this Miss B.?' Both confessed their identity, and—well, you can guess the rest. Those love letters were not written in vain, and they are as happy to-day as two cooing doves, and they have several dovelets in the home nest, too."—*Chicago Herald.*

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

A STRANGE oversight. We've been talking to you ever and anon about dress goods of many kinds, but the story of our Prints and Gingham's you've not heard for some weeks. It's a pretty tale—there's a friskiness and dash about print designs that seem to give life even to cold types.

You'll have thoughts of these goods now that blustering March has bid us adieu. The chief of the department has asked attention to a stack of prints at one end of the counter ticketed 8 1-2c. He says, "Blow them up all you like, their like's not elsewhere" Verily they're nice looking goods. The "bump" of good taste existed where they were designed. More than good looking. Warrant every yard fast colors, and not a narrow width among them.

Prints at 5c. Prints at 7c.
Prints at 8½c. Prints at 10c.
Handsome Sateens, handsome value, 12½c.
Handsome Drillettes, handsome value, 11½c.

We hear the sigh of some one far away wishing they lived in Toronto to take advantage of the opportunities of this store. The letter order department with us is a perfected institu ion. You can order anything by letter.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts., Toronto
Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178, Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

Babies and Children

We make a specialty of photographing small children and babies. A trial will convince you that we excel in that line.

J. C. WALKER & CO.
PHOTOGRAPHERS
Studio—Cor. Yonge and Temperance Streets

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY.
PRICE, 25CTS.
ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

Fine American Boots, Shoes & Slippers

For Ladies and Children. We only keep the finest goods in stock, in all the latest styles. Call and see them before purchasing.

L. A. STACKHOUSE
427 Yonge Street

MISS SULLIVAN
Late of W. A. Murray & Co.
Artistic Dressmaking
76 COLLEGE STREET

Armson & Stone.
COMPLETE STOCK OF
CHOICE DRESS MATERIALS

Rich Pattern Dresses, only one of a kind. New French and Scotch Tweeds and Homespuns, Reliable Black Silks
JACKETS, REEFERS AND CAPES
Select early.
212 YONGE STREET

Maple Syrup To-Day

At the leading grocery store of
The G. W. Shaver Co., Ltd.
244 Yonge Street

The sap only began to run a week or so ago, and now we have a beautiful lot of fresh made maple syrup in stock, of most delicious flavor and pure quality.

Telephone for a gallon can ('Phone 1,850) before it's all gone.

Cut Flowers
AND
Flowering Plants
FOR
EASTER

CHOICE ROSES and all Seasonable Flowers in great variety.
ORDER EARLY

S. TIDY & SON
164 YONGE STREET
Tel. — Store, 2089; Greenhouses, 3057

ASK ANY QUESTION

You please—quantity of goods, high standard qualities, medium priced grades or low-priced, and the answer is the same: No rubber store has more to see or better. We make to order Mackintoshes for ladies and gentlemen, do all manner of repairing and show a good all-round knowledge of the business. The store is for you whenever you're in need of anything in rubber, and no question but that you'll endorse our efforts. We stand "second to none" to-day.

GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE
12 King Street West

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge St., Toronto

SPRING OPENING OF HATS

We have just received our large stock of Spring Hats in all the fashionable shapes and shades, comprising all the celebrated English and American makers---Woodson, Battersby, Woodrows and William Carrick & Sons latest London Hats.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Edward Miller's Celebrated New York Hats
Styles correct, in Silk and Felt

LADIES--Preserve your Furs during the summer months from moths, dampness and fire by sending them to us for storage. Receipts are given and charges reasonable.

We are clearing out the balance of our Fur Stock at a great sacrifice before putting them away.

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
407 YONGE STREET 407
FASHIONABLE LADIES
HAIR-DRESSING
FOR
Balls, Soirees, Theaters, Concerts, Weddings, Photos, etc.
Ladies' Hair Trimming, Singeing and Shampooing
The best of skill and attention is paid to our customers.
Ladies waited upon at their own residence. Appointments should be made in advance if convenient.
Telephone 2498

HAIR GOODS
Of latest styles in Frontpieces, Fringes (wavy or curly). ARMAND'S latest back Coiffure, a most elegant and simple knot. On application ladies will be made acquainted how to dress their hair becomingly with this new knot.
WAVES AND STRAIGHT FRONTPIECES for elderly ladies in great assortment. Toupees and entire wigs for ladies and gentlemen, ready made, or made to order on short notice. SPECIALTY in Long Hair switches—no card inside, but all fine and long, from $4 50 to $18.
NOTICE—We beg to call the attention of our esteemed patrons, that all styles of our Hair Dressings and Hair Goods, be it in Frontpieces or Coiffures for the back, are entirely original and Mons. Armand's own creations. We do not believe in copying or imitating others in the same line, as there is not much *Jon Gust* about the artist who makes it his habit of imitating others.
Jean Trancle-Armand, Coiffeur Parfumeur
407 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., Can. Tel. 2498

DORENWEND'S
Is the Leading House for Fashionable
HAIR GOODS
The latest and most
ARTISTIC STYLES
In Wigs, Bangs, Switches, etc.
Largest, Best and Cheapest House in the Dominion.
Finest Hair Dressing Rooms on the Continent.
Telephone 1551
105 Yonge St.
Send for circular.

BUY THE GENUINE
Rogers Bros. 1847 A 1 Goods
IN
Knives
Forks
and Spoons
First-class in every respect and fully warranted by the manufacturers.
DAVIS BROS. JEWELERS 130 Yonge St. 130

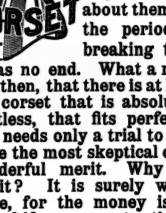
LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY
Examinations—Oral or Written
237 McCaul Street - - - Toronto

J. C. FORBES
PORTRAIT PAINTER
Studio—14 Orde Street - - Toronto

VALENCIA BERRY BOWL.

Verona
Valencia
Vendome
New patterns of TABLE GLASSWARE.

WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
Telephone 2177
109 King St. West - - Toronto



Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
CROMPTON CORSET CO.

DO YOU WANT
To buy First-Class Literature
CHEAP?
If you do, then get a catalogue of the
HUMBOLDT LIBRARY
Of popular scientific literature, printed on first-class paper in large type, and comprising unchanged and unabridged the works of Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin, Huxley, Tyndal, Proctor, Grant Allen, Wm. Kingdon Clifford, Prof. Rawlinson, Karl Marx, Henry Drummond, Alfred R. Wallace, Prof. Jevons, Gelkie, Romanes, and a host of other leading scientific and philosophical writers.
The volumes of this Library are sold at
15 CENTS EACH
Send for complete catalogue to
P. C. ALLAN
35 King Street West, Toronto

The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XV.

"HE IS THE VERY SOUL OF BOUNTY."

Gerard Hillersdon left Harley street almost persuaded to break faith with the woman he had loved for more than three years, and offer himself to the woman he had loved for more than three months. But that one word "almost" lost the early Christian church a royal convert, and Gerard had not quite made up his mind to marry Nicholas Davenport's daughter.

"So short a lease of life—and were I but happy with such a wife as Hester I might prolong my span to the uttermost," he told himself, and then that advocate of evil which every worldly man has at his elbow whispered: "Why marry her, when your wealth would enable you to make so liberal a settlement that she need never feel the disadvantage of a false position. Win her for your mistress, cherish and hide her from the eye of the world. To marry her would be to bring a drunken madman into the foreground of your life—to cut off every chance of distinction in the few years that may be left to you. A man in your position can afford to be faithful to Hester without repudiating Vashti—and your Vashti has been loyal and constant to you. It were a brutal act to break your promise to her."

As if to accentuate that evil counsel he found a letter from Vashti waiting for him on his study table—the table upon which Vashti's image was smiling, beautiful in coarse blues and rivlers of diamonds. There was nothing new in her letter, but it stabbed him where he was weakest, for the writer dwelt upon her trust in him, and upon that happy future which they were to lead together.

He dawdled away the summer noontide in his garden, smoking, and dreaming, and he drove to Rosamond road, Chelsea, at the hour when he knew he was likely to find Nicholas Davenport alone. He was a man of fortune, had been having plenty of idleness of late, as he always employed a hansom when he went to Chelsea—and the fourth "would the horses be wanted any more to-day?" was generally answered in the negative.

He found the old man dozing in his armchair, the Standard lying across his knees, and an empty tumbler on the table beside him, which had contained the harmless beverage with which he now dilated his habitual thirst. He looked pale and worn, the mere wreck of a man, his silvery hair falling in long loose wisps over the high, narrow forehead. There were fresh flowers in the room, and all was exquisitely neat, from the books upon the dwarf cupboard to the muslin cover of the sewing machine. Gerard seldom entered that room without being reminded of Faust's emotion in Gretchen's modest chamber—where, in the simple maiden's absence, he felt her spirit hovering near him, her pure and gentle nature expressed in the purity and neatness of her surroundings.

He had time to glance round him, and to recall that scene—Ein kleines, reinliches Zimmer—before Nicholas Davenport woke from one of his light slumber, and shook hands with him.

"This is uncommonly kind of you," said the old man. "These summer afternoons are infernally long when Hester is out of the way. And the papers are as dull as ditchwater—politicians on the stump all over the country—one Parliamentary machine breaking down, and one of political corn at Leeds on Tuesday, and another machine thrashing the very same bundle of facts and fallacies—Conservatism that never come true, at Halifax—and so the ball rolls on."

"I daresay if we had lived at Athens we should have found politics just as great a bore, and orators no less windy," answered Gerard, lightly. "But you are not looking well, Mr. Davenport."

"I am feeling a little low to-day—the weather, perhaps," and here Mr. Davenport sighed, and began to fumble in his waistcoat with tremulous movements of hands that had never recovered the firmness or repose lost under the influence of alcohol. "To be candid with you, my dear Hillersdon, I am suffering from a profound misapprehension in one of the best of creatures. My daughter is an angel. Her devotion to me, which you may think I exaggerate, has dried the tears of many a poor fellow's eyes, and made the hearts of many a poor fellow's heart glad with pleasure; but she is a woman, and a young woman, and she doesn't understand my constitutional, or the circumstances of my life. She has taken up temperance as a craze, and she thinks she is doing me a kindness by depriving me of every form of stimulant, and by flattering herself with the idea that she has saved me from destruction, and she cannot see that she is reducing me to a state of weakness and misery, mental and physical, which must result in imbecility or death."

He was so earnest, he looked so reduced and wretched a being that Gerard was inclined to believe him, and to doubt whether Hester's system of absolute deprivation might not be a mistake.

"It is hard for you, I daresay, to make so complete a change in your habits," he said doubtfully.

"Her mistake is in insisting upon total abstinence. I have not forgotten the past, Mr. Hillersdon. I have not forgotten the cruel obloquy and disgrace which I brought upon myself in your father's church; but that unhappy exhibition was the outcome of long months of agony. I had been seized by neuralgia, and the only alleviation of my pain was the use of chloral or brandy. I have been free from neuralgia ever since. My poor Hester is very careful of my diet, full of the tendrest attentions, takes the utmost care of my health after her own lights; but she cannot see how weak and depressed I am, she cannot understand the mental misery which a glass of sound port, twice a day, might cure."

"Surely Miss Davenport would not object to your taking a glass of port after your luncheon and your dinner?"

"I don't know her, my dear friend," said Davenport, shaking his head. "Women are always in extremes. She would begin to cry if she saw me with a glass of wine in my hand, she would go on her knees if she saw me not to drink it. She has taken it into her head that the least indulgence in that line would bring about a return to habits of intemperance, which I can assure you were never a part of my nature.

"I must talk to Miss Davenport, and induce her to let me send you a few dozen of fine old port. Cockburn's 57, for instance."

The old man's eyes gleamed as he heard the offer.

"You may talk to her," he said, "but she won't give way. She has made up her mind that my salvation depends upon doing this or that. It is a hard thing for a man of my age to depend for subsistence upon a daughter's manual labor, to see a lovely girl weaving out her life at vulgar drudgery, and never to have sixpence in my pocket—hardly the means of buying a newspaper. She doles out her pence, poor child, as if they were sovereigns. Women have such narrow notions about money."

There was a silence of some minutes, during which Mr. Davenport nearly fell asleep again, and then Gerard said quietly:

"Why should you depend upon your daughter, even for pocket money? Why should not you do something for yourself?"

"What can I do? I have tried to get copying work, but I could not write a clerk's hand. My penmanship was too weak and trembling to be worth even the pittance paid for that kind of work.

"I was not thinking of so poor an occupation. Have you tried your hand at literature?"

"I have, in more than one line, though I had no vocation, and wrote slowly and laboriously. The papers I sent to the magazines all came back, 'Declined with thanks.' My daughter has the power to write twenty quires of Bath post and so many postage stamps."

"You tried a wrong line, I daresay. Beginners in literature generally do. You are a classical scholar, I know."

"I was once, but the man who took his degree at Oxford thirty years ago is dead and gone."

"Men don't forget their Horace and Virgil when they have once loved them with the scholar's fervor."

"Forget, no. One does not forget old friends. Quote me any line from Horace or Virgil—the most obscure—and I will give you the context. My poverty-stricken years interwoven with the fabric of my brain. I used also to be considered a pretty good critic upon the Greek Dramatists. I could tell you the exact value of a translation of Oedipus, which some of my contemporaries were flattering enough to persuade me to finish. I laid the manuscript aside when I began parish work, and heaven knows what became of it."

"The world has grown too frivolous to care for new translations of Sophocles," replied Gerard, "but I believe there is room for a new Horace—that is to say, a new version of some of the lighter satires—a version which should create for the reverend gentleman a niche for the time of Queen Anne; and I feel that it is in me to attempt the thing if I had the aid of a competent scholar to instruct me."

The old man's face lighted up with feverish eagerness.

"Surely your own Latin—" he began, tremulously.

"Has grown abominably rusty. I want a new version of my favorite satires—a verbatim translation, upon the opposite page to the clear, nervous English, and upon that I could work, giving the old lines a modern turn, modulating the antique satire into a modern key. Will you collaborate with me, Mr. Davenport? Will you undertake the scholarly portion of the work?"

"It is a task which will delight me. The very idea gives me new life. Which of the satires shall we start with first?"

"Shall we say the ninth in the first book? It gives such a fine opportunity for the castigation of the modern bore."

"Capital. I am proud to think that with so many translations ready to your hand you should prefer a new one by me."

"I want to avoid all published versions," answered Gerard plausibly, as he drew out a note case and opened it.

The old man watched him with greedy eyes, and the weak lips began to quiver faintly. Did that note case mean payment in advance?

The question was promptly answered. Gerard took out a couple of folded notes, and handed them to his future collaborator.

"You must allow me to give you two hundred pounds on account," he said. "You will then at least have the feeling that your own scholarship is worth something, and that you are not wholly dependent on your daughter's bounty."

The old man fairly broke down, and burst into tears.

"My dear young friend, your delicacy, your generosity overcome me," he faltered, clutching the notes with shaking fingers, "but I cannot, I cannot take them from you. His hold of the notes tightened involuntarily as he spoke, in abject fear lest he should have to give them back. "I suspect your proposed translation is less that your generosity may relieve me from the sense of humiliation in accepting this noble—this munificent honorarium. I own to you that the idea of being associated in literature, even at a writer of your power—who have made your mark in the very morning of life by a work of real genius—the task would be easy."

"You will find it a pleasant one," said Gerard, his pale cheeks flushing with a hectic glow.

"With all my heart, and to the utmost of my power," answered Davenport, slipping the notes into his waistcoat pocket as if by an automatic movement. "Without conceit I think I may venture to say that for the mere verbal work you could employ no better assistant."

"I am sure of that, and for much more than merely verbal work. And now, good day to you, Mr. Davenport. It is about your daughter that we discussed when I came, and she won't care to find a visitor here when she comes in tired after her walk."

"Yes, she will be here directly," answered the old man, starting with some sudden apprehension, "and on second thoughts I would rather you did not tell her anything about your generosity—they are carefull my. When your book is published she will be proud, very proud, to know that her old father has been so distinguished a scholar; but in the meantime if you change your mind and the book were never finished she would be disappointed; and then, on the other hand, I should not like her to know that I had so much money in my possession."

All this was faltered nervously, in broken sentences, while Mr. Davenport hung on his patron to the door, and showed him out, eagerly facilitating his departure.

Gerard had intended his call on arriving, and he walked slowly away towards the river, carefully avoiding that road by which Hester was likely to return from her business errand. He was pale to the lips, and he felt like a murderer.

CHAPTER XVI.

"SO, QUIET AS DESPAIR, I TURNED FROM HIM."

Gerard called in Rosamond road on the following evening at the hour when he had been accustomed to find Mr. Davenport repose after his comfortable dinner, and his daughter reading to him. To-night the open window showed him Hester sitting alone in a despondent attitude, with her head resting on her hand, and an unread book on the table before her.

She came to the door in answer to his knock. "My father is not at home," she said. "He did not come home to dinner. He went out early in the afternoon while I was away, and he left a little note for me, saying that he had gone into London to meet an old friend. He did not tell me the friend's name, and it seems so strange, for we have no friends left. We have drifted away from all old ties."

"May I come in and talk with you?" Gerard asked. "I am so sorry you should have any cause for uneasiness."

"Perhaps I am foolish to be uneasy, but you know—you know why. I was just going for a walk. It is a lovely evening, and we may meet him." She took her neat little straw hat from a peg in the passage, and put in on.

"We are not very particular about gloves in this neighborhood," she said.

He perfectly understood that she would not receive him in her father's absence, that even in her fallen estate, a work girl among other work girls, she clung to the conventionalities of her original sphere, and that it would not be safe for her to walk beside him.

They walked to the end of Rosamond road almost in silence, but on the Embankment, with the dark swift river flowing past them, and the summer stars above, she began to tell him her trouble.

"You know how happy I have been," she said, "in a life which many girls of my age would think miserable and degraded."

"Miserable, yes; degraded, no. The most feather-headed girl in England, if she knew your life, would honor you as a heroine."

"Oh, please don't make so much out of so little. I have done no more than hundreds of girls would have done for a dear old father. I was so proud and happy to think that I had saved him—that I had cured of that dreadful habit—and now, now I am full of fear that since yesterday, somehow or other, he has obtained the means of falling back into the old habit—that some one has tempted him."

"What makes you fear this?"

"He insisted upon going out last night after dinner. He was going to the Free Library to look at the August magazines. I offered to go there with him. We used to read there of an evening in the winter, but since the warm weather he may have not done so. I reminded him how hot the reading-room would be with the gas, but he was restlessness eager to go, and I could not hinder him. The worst sign of all was that he did not like my going with him, and when we had been sitting there for half an hour he seemed anxious to get rid of me, and reminded me of some work which he knew I had to finish before this morning. But for this week I should have stayed with him till he came home; but I could not disappoint my employer, so I left my father sitting engrossed in "Blackwood," and I hoped all would be well. He promised me to come straight home when the library closed, and he was home about the time I expected him, but when I took his face, one sentence from his lips told me that by some means or other he had been able to get the poison which destroys him."

"Are you not exaggerating the evil in your own mind from a delicate woman's natural horror of intemperance?" asked Gerard, soothingly. "Rather all, do you think that a few glasses too much once in a way can do your father any harm? He has seemed to me below the level of those who are really may suffer from this enforced abstinence."

"Suffer! Ah, you do not know, you do not know! I may seem hasty with him, perhaps, but I would give my life to keep him from that old horror—that madness of the past, which degraded a gentleman and a scholar to the level of the lowest drunkard in St. Giles'. There is no difference—the drink madness makes them all alike. And now someone has given him money, all my care is useless. I cannot think who can have done it. I don't know of any so-called friend to whom he could apply."

"His letter tells you of an old friend—"

"Yes! It may be someone who has returned from abroad—some friend of years ago who knows nothing of his unhappy story, and cannot guess the harm that money may do."

"Pray do not be too anxious," said Gerard, taking her hand and lifting it to his lips.

She snatched the small cold hand away from him indignantly.

"Pray, sir," she said. "Is this a time for idle gallantry, and to me of all people—to me who have to deal only with the hard things of this life."

"No, Hester, but it is a time for love—devoted love—to speak. You know that I love you." He took the poor little gloveless hand again and held it fast, and blessed the thin work-worn fingers again and again.

"You know that I love you, fondly, dearly, with my soul. Hester, my friend, my friend, a famous physician told me that I have not many years to spend upon this planet—perhaps not many months. He told me to be happy if I could—happy with the woman I love, for my day of happiness must be brief even at the best. It is but a poor remnant of life that I have, but it means all I myself—mind and heart and hope and dreams are all centered and bound up in you. Since I have known your sweetness I have lived under the stars when you were so hard and cold, when you would have nothing to say to me—since that night I have loved only you, lived only for you."

She had heard him in despite of herself, her free will struggling against her love, like a bird caught in a net. Yes, she loved him. Her poor heart had gone to him at first giddily, blindly, eagerly as his heart had gone to her. There had been no more hesitation, no more doubt than Margaret in the garden when in a sweet simplicity that scarce knew fear of shame, she gave her young heart to her unknown lover. Hester's was just as pure, and fond, and unselfish, and passion was but a more knowledge of danger than Goethe's guileless maiden. She knew that peril lay in Gerard's love, that it was dishonorable, perhaps even, as it might seem. It was only a year ago that she had sat, late into the night, reading Harriet Martineau's book, and learning how delicate, how deeply respectful a lover might be and yet harbor the darkest designs against a woman's honor.

"I can forget my right to talk to me like this," she said indignantly. "You take advantage of my loneliness and my misery. Do you think I can forget the distance upon our fortune set between us? I know that you are bound to another woman—that you will marry a woman who can give you honor that I can not. I know that in England wealth counts almost as high as rank, and that a marriage between a millionaire and a work-girl would be called a mésalliance."

"A lady is always a lady, Hester. Do you think your womanly dignity is lowered in my estimation because you have looked to support your father—do you think there is any man in England who would not admire you for that self-sacrifice? Yes, it is true that I am bound in honor to another woman—to a woman whom I loved four years ago, and whom I thought this world's one woman—but from that first night I have followed you across the parks—when you sent me away from you so cruelly, the old love was dead. It died in an hour, and no effort of mine would conjure the passion back. I know that in England wealth counts almost as high as rank, and that a marriage between a millionaire and a work-girl would be called a mésalliance.

morning—the perfume of flowers from a hundred gardens, the soft breath of the wind creeping up from the west, warm with the glow of last night's sunset. The joy of living! Yes, this man who loved no one enjoyed life in all its fulness; and he, Gerard, with two millions to spend, and, it might be, less than two years to spend them in, was miserable—miserable because of the cowardly incertitude which made him unable to take the straight and honorable road to happiness while the sinuous and evil way lay open to him.

He went to Chelsea at dusk on the third evening after Hester bade him farewell outside the gate of the little garden. She came quickly to the door in answer to his knock, and he was startled at the change which three days had made in her. The first words she spoke told him that it was not love of him which had so altered her, but poignant anxiety about her father.

"He has never been home since that night," she said, ignoring every other thought. "I have been in search of him at every place that I could think of as possible for him to have gone to, but I have not found any trace of him since Tuesday night—the night you were here. He was at the Swan Tavern that night, sitting in the coffee-room drinking brandy and water till the house closed. He was talking a good deal, and he was very excited in his manner when he left, but the people would not tell me if he had drunk much. They pretended not to know how much brandy had been served to him. I have been to the police office, and the river has been dragged along by the embankment, where he and I used always to walk. They were very good to me at the police station, and they have promised to do all they can to find him, living or dead. But, oh, with a burst of uncontrollable weeping, "I fear they will never find him alive. He could have had only a little money, and he must have spent it all on brandy, and then when he was mad with drink—ah, you don't know how drink maddens him—he may have walked into the river, or thrown himself in, miserable and despairing. He was at the Swan at eleven o'clock, only a few minutes' walk from the river, and I can find no one who saw him after that hour. I think he must have meant to come home—I don't think he would willfully desert me—but some accident, some fit of madness—"

She could not speak for sobbing. Gerard led her into the parlor, where the old man's empty chair reminded him of that last interview, and of his diabolical trap to catch a weak sinner's feet. Looked at in the light of Hester's grief to-night, and the awful possibilities she suggested, his crime seemed murder.

"I will go to Scotland Yard, Hester, I will set the cleverest detectives in London at work, and it shall go hard if they don't find your father. My dearest, don't give way to these morbid imaginings. Be sure he is safe somewhere—only hiding because he feels that he has broken down, and disgraced himself in your eyes. He has been afraid to come home, knowing how grieved you would be at his backsliding. Be comforted, dear love." His arms were round her and he drew the pale, pinched face to his own and again their lips met, but this time Hester's kiss was the kiss of despair. She clung to her lover in her grief and fear. She forgot the peril of consolation from that poisonous source.

What comfort could he give her about her father, except the assurance that all that wealth could do to find him should be done, and that once being found every possible means should be taken to ensure his safety and welfare in the future. He told her that there were doctors who had made such cases as her father's their chief study, homes where her father could be surrounded with every luxury, and yet secured from the possibility of indulgence in his fatal vice. He showed her how happy and free from care her future might be if she would only trust her own fate and her father's to him—and then came words of love, burning words that have been spoken again and again upon this earth with good or evil import—words that may be true when the lips speak them, yet false within the year in which they are spoken—words that promise an eternity of love, and may be uttered in all good faith, and yet prove lighter than the thistle-down wafted across summer pastures.

Three days ago she had been strong to resist the tempter, strong in womanly pride and maiden modesty. To night she was broken down by grief, worn and fevered by sleepless nights, despairing, and almost reckless. To-night she listened to those vows of love. What had she on this earth but his love, if the father to whom she had devoted her youth was indeed lying at the bottom of the river, her purpose in life gone for ever? Who could be more lonely and friendless than she was to-night?

So she listened to his pleading, heard him while he urged her to consider how poor a thing that legal tie was which he entreated her to forego; how often, how continually cancelled by the disgraceful revelations of the divorce court.

"Time was when marriage meant till death," he said, "but that is a long exploded fashion. Marriage nowadays means the convenience of a settlement which will enable a man either to found a family or to cheat his creditors. Marriage means till husband and wife are tired of each other, and till the lady has grown hard enough to face the divorce court."

And then he reminded her how the most romantic passions, the loves that had become history were not those alliances upon which parish priest and family lawyer had smiled. He reminded her of Abelard and Heloise, of Henri's passion for Gabrielle, and Nelson's deathless love for Emma Hamilton. He urged that society itself had pardoned these fair offenders, for love's sweet sake.

Her intellect was too clear to be deceived by such shallow reasoning.

On the very brink of the abyss she recoiled. Loving him with all her heart, knowing that life without him meant a colorless and hopeless existence—a hand to hand struggle with adversity, knowing by too bitter experience that to be well born and poor meant lifelong humiliation, she yet had the strength to resist his pleading.

"Your wife or nothing," she said. "I never meant to hear your voice again after that night. I prayed to God that we might never meet again. And now for my father's sake I humiliate myself so far as to ask your help. If you will bring him back to me I will thank and bless you—and will try to forget your degrading propositions."

"Degrading, Hester!" he cried reproachfully, trying to take her hand again, the hand that had lain softly in his a few moments ago.

"Yes, degrading! What could you say to any wretched lost woman in London worse than you have said to me? You talk to me of love—and you offer me shame for my portion."

"Hester, that is a woman's narrow way of looking at life. As if the priest and the ring made any difference."

"If you cared for me you would make me your wife."

"I am not free to marry, Hester. I am bound by a tie which I cannot break yet awhile. The tie may be loosened in years to come, and then you shall be my wife. We will have the priest and the ring, the whole legal and ecclesiastical formula—although that formula will not make me one wit more your slave than I am this light."

"I don't want a slave," she said resolutely. "I want a husband whom I love and honor. And now I am going back to the Police Station to ask if there is any news."

"Let me go with you."

"I had rather you went to Scotland Yard, as you promised."

"I will go to Scotland Yard. I will do anything to prove my love and loyalty."

"Loyalty. Oh, Mr. Hillersdon, do not play with words. I am an ignorant, inexperienced girl, but I know what truth and loyalty mean—and that you have violated both to me."

They left the house together, in opposite directions. Gerard walked towards Oakley street, hailed the first cab he met, which took him to Scotland Yard, where he saw the officials, and gave a careful description of the missing Nicholas Davenport, age, personal characteristics, manners, and habits. When asked if the missing man had any money about him at the time of his disappearance, he professed ignorance, but added that it was likely he had money. It was late in the evening when he left Scotland Yard, and he went into the park, and roamed about for some time in a purposeless manner, his brain fevered, his nerves horribly shaken. This horror of Nicholas Davenport's fate absorbed his mind at one moment, and in the next he was thinking of Hester and his rejected love, troubled, irresolute, full of pity for the woman he loved, full of tenderest compassion for scruples which seemed to him futile and foolish in the world as he knew it, where illicit liaisons were open secrets, and where no man or woman refused praise and honor to sin in high places. He pitied the simplicity which clung to virtue for its own sake, a strange spectacle in that great guilty city, a penniless girl sacrificing love and gladness for the sake of honor.

He went from the park to the Small Hours, a club where he knew he was likely to find Jermyn, who rarely went to bed before the summer dawn. "It is bad enough to be obliged to go to bed by candle light from October to March," said Jermyn, who declared that any man who took more than three or four hours' sleep in the twenty-four, shamefully wasted his existence.

"We are men, not dormice," he said, "and we are sent into this world to live—not to sleep."

Gerard found Jermyn the life of a choice little supper party, where the manners of the ladies, although they were not strictly "in society," were irreproachable, so irreproachable, indeed, that the party would have been dull but for Justin Jermyn. His ringing laugh and easy vivacity sustained the gaiety of the party, and made the champagne more exhilarating than the champagne of these latter days is wont to be.

"A capital wine, ain't it?" he asked, gaily. "It's a new brand, 'Fin de Siecle,' the only wine I care for."

Gerard drank deep of the new wine, would have drunk it had it been vitriol, in the hope of drowning Nicholas Davenport's ghost; and when the little banquet was over, and youth and folly were dancing to a waltz by Strauss on an adjoining room, he linked his arm through Jermyn's and led him out of the club, and into the stillness and solitude of St. James' Park.

Here he told his Mentor all that had happened, denounced himself as a traitor, and perhaps a murderer. "It was your scheme," he said, "you suggested the snare, and you have made me the wretch I am."

Jermyn's frank laughter had a sound of mockery as he greeted this accusation.

"That is always the way," he said, "a man asks for advice, and turns upon his counsellor. You wanted to get that foolish, officious old father out of the way. I suggested a manner of doing it. And now you call me devil and yourself murderer."

And then with airiest banter he laughed away Gerard's lingering scruples, scoffed at man's honor and at woman's virtue, and Gerard, who had long ago abandoned all old creeds for a dreary agnosticism, heard and assented to that mocking sermon, whose text was self, and whose argument was self-indulgence.

"I shudder when I think of the myriads of fanatics who have sacrificed happiness here for the sake of an imaginary paradise—wretches who have starved body and soul upon earth to feast and rejoice in the New Jerusalem," said Jermyn, finally, as they parted at Buckingham gate in the first faint flush of dawn.

Less than half an hour afterwards Gerard was in the Rosamond road, and at the little iron gate that opened into the scrap of garden where a cluster of sunflowers rose superior to the dust, pale in the steel-blue light of dawn.

The lamp was still burning in the parlor, and he saw Hester's shadow upon the blind. She was sitting with her elbows on the table, her face buried in her hands, and he knew that she must be weeping or praying. She had lit her lamp burn on unconscious of the growing daylight. The window was open at the top, but the lower half was shut. He tapped on the pane, and the shadow of a woman's form rose up suddenly, and broadened over the blind.

"Hester, Hester," he called. He raised the sash, as she drew up the blind, and they stood face to face, both pale, breathless, and agitated.

"You have heard of him, you have seen him," she cried excitedly. "It is good news?"

"Yes, Hester, yes," he answered, and sprang into the room.

(To be Continued.)

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

THE BEST TONIC,

known, furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

The Glory of a Woman.

"The glory of a woman is her hair," we are told; but that depends in some measure upon the way in which she wears it. If, as is the custom of some women, she brushes it backward from her forehead, and then, after stretching the liberta to the tension of fiddle-strings at concert pitch, belays the tightened mass behind her ears, we must say that the appearance her head presents is anything but glorious. By what technical name this frightful arrangement is known we donot know, but it might appropriately enough be called the cometary style. The "horrid hair" of a comet is always drawn back at a right angle from its facial line by reason of the speed at which it travels; but why any female star of fashion should emulate that erratic specimen of fast life in the upper circles, in this particular, is beyond our ken. The only wonder is that the hair, under the tremendous force necessary to impart the requisite tension, does not give way at the roots like the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare in the fierce grasp of Cuttle Sark.

Seriously, ladies, this high-pressure method of doing your "glory" is, in every sense of the word, a serious drawback to your comeliness. Possibly you may think that it prevents your fair brows from wrinkling, but the reverse is the fact. The skin of the forehead is unnaturally stretched in the process, and, when the pressure is removed, it is apt to become corrugated. If you wish to attack admiration and not ridicule, don't dress your hair in that manner.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The music loving people of Toronto will be glad to learn that the Perfect Transposing Pianos, now in general use in Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, are about to be manufactured in Toronto, one of which is now on exhibition at Nos. 108 and 110 King street west, and which everybody is invited to call and test. This piano is used by royalty and has the highest references from nearly every prominent vocalist and pianist in England and Europe.

Theodore Distin, Esq., professor of music and singing, writes: "I can hardly express how very much pleased I am with your new Patent Transposing Pianoforte. I think it is the best method of say I have ever seen, as the mechanism being entirely untouched or interfered with, it cannot possibly get out of order or be put out of tune. In other transposing instruments it is the key-board that is moved, which constantly causes the hammers and other parts to get out of order, and the instrument soon becomes useless, whereas in this the whole of the strings and soundboard are moved by a simple lever. I consider it the acme of perfection. It ought to come into general use."

George Grossmith, Esq., writes: "I think the piano most successful. It is the first time I have ever been able to play fluently in a key of seven sharps."

Descriptive circular sent free on application to A. H. Dixon, 108 King street west, Toronto.

Take the Picturesque Erie Railway to New York.

Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

The Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works.

Under the above appropriate name there has recently been established at 44 Lombard street, an establishment where the housewives of Toronto will find satisfaction and prompt attention when requiring their carpets or rugs cleaned or renovated. See advertisement on page 12.

No Man There.

Mrs. Yeast—Do you believe there is a man in the moon?

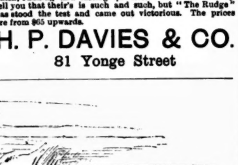
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—No; if there was, I would be out every night.

The Tremulous Trill.

"What a beautiful trill that bird has. Rather extraordinary, isn't it?"

"No. I had him down in the Jersey flats all last summer and he gets his trill from his ague."—*Epoch.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS
For Sale by All Druggists



RUDGE

Stands at the head of all Bicycles as to quality, style, finish, running and lasting qualities. Other makers may tell you that their's is such and such, but "The Rudge" has stood the test and came out victorious. The prices from $65 upwards.

H. P. DAVIES & CO.
81 Yonge Street

Mrs. Polius—Wow-ow-ow! Hainery's went 'n gone, 'n hung hisself.
Mr. Polius (speaking thickly)—G'way fum dar, 'n stop dat noise. De 'lasses bar'l's done busted in de flat above.—*Scribner's.*

A Cold, Doctors'

BILLS AND FUNERAL EXPENSES

cost in the neighborhood of $200. Health Brand undervests cost from 75c. to $1.75. Take your choice.

You can get Health Brand Vests at every leading retail Dry Goods House in the Dominion, and from W. A. MURRAY & CO., Toronto.

GRAND OPENING

OF

New Stores at 206 & 208 Yonge St., West Side

D. GRANT & CO.

Will open their new premises on Wednesday, March 25, with a magnificent new stock of

MANTLES, DRESS GOODS AND SILKS

With all the latest novelties. Also opening of Millinery Show Room. Ten per cent. discount on all Trimmed Millinery and Mantles

Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday

The Season for Travelling to Europe

Is now commencing, and the greatest necessity and convenience to intending tourists is a trunk that can be taken into the cabin of the steamship and also strong enough to be used on the railways.

We have this season made a special trunk that is the correct size to go under the berth on shipboard, and is of sufficient strength to withstand the usage received on railway journeys.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 King Street West

The Amenities.

I was waiting at a station on the Second avenue "L" road the other day when I noticed an umbrella mender and a traveling glazier. The first had a lot of rods and handles and old umbrellas, and the second had a dozen panes of glass in a box on his back. Seeing that they regarded each other with coldness, I asked of the umbrella mender:

"Don't you recognize the profession when you meet?"

"It's not the same line of business, sir," he replied. "Anybody can putty in a pane of glass, but it takes an artist to mend an umbrella."

While he walked to the other end of the platform, I shied up alongside of the glazier and remarked:

"Any hard feelings between you and the umbrella man?"

"Oh, no, sir—no personal feeling. It's simply that my professional pride demands that I speak first. He's a trade, you see, while I have a profession."

Two hours later I met them in company at Chatham square, and the glazier recognized me at once and took me aside to say:

"It's all right, sir—all right. He has assured me that he once failed in business for $30,000, and we've agreed that both are professions," and that both of us are professors"—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Point of Etiquette.

"Well, Missus Groggs, an' how do yez get on wid yer fine neighbors?"

"Oh, viry will. They haven't called on me yit. I suppose they do be waitin' for me to make the first visit!"—*Life.*

Sarah Bernhardt as Jeanne d'Arc.

THE DIVINE SARAH
WRITES A LETTER.

DEAR MADAM,—The Recamier Preparations are the perfection of toilet articles. Please send me without fail, to-morrow, two dozen assorted for immediate use.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

RECAMIER CREAM is used daily by every fashionable woman and prominent actress all over the world. It is the only known preparation whose merits are attested to by physicians. It will preserve your youth, remove all blemishes, and not only make but keep your face smooth and fair.

Price $1.50 per Jar

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices.

BEST ON EARTH.

SURPRISE

SOAP.

The "Surprise" way ON WASH DAY.

Takes out the dirt; makes "the wash" sweet, clean, white; leaves the hands soft and smooth; without boiling or scalding.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

Surprise Soap can be used on anything; everywhere; in any way; at any and every time.

FINEST IN THE LAND

HICKMANS

Happy Thought Baking Powder 25c. per lb.

Bouquet Tea 50c. per lb., 5 lbs. for $2.25

French Roasted Koffees. 30c., 40c. and 50c. per lb

Pure Spices

Fancy Groceries
Domestic and Foreign Fruits

Families Waited Upon for Orders

(TELEPHONE 5061)

PARKDALE KASH GROCERY
HICKMAN & CO.
1424 Queen Street West.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, APRIL 4, 1891. [No. 19

Music.

Of actual music there has not been much during the past ten days to afford matter for the chronicler, although there have been many concerts of lesser moment. Good Friday did not afford so much matter in this respect as in former years, probably because people are seeing a little more in the solemnity of the day to discourage the idea of junketing and rejoicing. Certain it is that several churches that formerly gave concerts on Good Friday, have discontinued them, and are well satisfied that they have done so. The principal event, musically considered, of that day was the concert given at the Pavilion under the auspices of the Canadian Temperance League, by the Agnes Thomson Concert Company. Mrs. Thomson showed that she still has the charm of tone and manner which has so often delighted audiences. Purity and sweetness of tone with flexible and certain execution make her a welcome performer whether in aria or ballad. Mr. Thomson himself is a baritone who is all too seldom heard in Toronto, and there are few renditions which can equal his Toreador. Miss Bessie Bonsall is a recent addition to our concert forces who bids fair to achieve success and who is becoming very popular. Mr. Mundie's light tenor voice makes him a satisfactory adjunct in concerted music. Mr. Franz Wagner is rapidly progressing as a 'cellist, and plays extremely well. Altogether the company is a compact and well arranged combination, much of whose success is due to the excellent accompaniments of Mrs. Wagner and Mr. E. W. Phillips.

•

Mrs. Caldwell has lately found the secret of giving a charming entertainment in conjunction with a reader, a plan which affords the requisite variety and which has caught the public taste. Several entertainments which have been given lately by Mrs. Caldwell in conjunction with Miss Jessie Alexander or Miss Laura MacGillivray, have been crowded to the doors, and the audiences have been pleased to the utmost. Both of these elocutionists have the peculiar property of at once obtaining the sympathy of their hearers, and they are pronounced factors in our amusement world, although we do not hear Miss MacGillivray so often since her removal to Chicago, where she now resides. Mrs. Caldwell's popularity needs no explanation. Her pleasing manner and the bright, bird-like voice never pall on our senses.

I went to see Dixey's Seven Ages on Monday evening. I say "see," for I did not expect much in the way of music, and I was not disappointed. I do not know who composed (a very large verb) the music used by the chorus, but I think that something might have been dished up that would have better employed the capable chorus than the musical commonplaces we were treated to. Of course the "Kaleidoscopic entertainment" was not announced as a comic opera. It was simply an illustrative setting which surrounded the central stone, Henry E. Dixey who, by the way, shows that he can be a little more than Henry E. Dixey with the bounds and leaps and posturings we have seen in Adonis. Still, when a handsome chorus is gathered, and when that chorus shows that it can sing pretty well, it seems a pity that such musical twaddle as is offered in The Seven Ages, should form the bounds of its musical endeavor. All who went to the Grand this week were thoroughly amused and entertained, but the pleasure would have been greater if the music had been better. Probably the management thought that Mr. Dixey must be and remain the salient figure.

•

In last week's SATURDAY NIGHT I made reference to Mr. Vogt's lecture on the Development of Opera, and have seen a synopsis of his paper, which shows it to have been so interesting to music lovers that a brief sketch will not be out of place here. Mr. Vogt described the musical declamation of the ancient Greeks and traced the connection which existed between it and the works of Peri, the founder, in the sixteenth century, of the musical dramatic art, which has since been developed so magnificently. The influence of Monteverde upon operatic composition was referred to, and the high dramatic elevation of his works was contrasted with the dramatically inconsistent productions of the school of Italian composers who followed him, and who tended so much to the musical degeneracy of that nation. The reforms of Lulli and Rameau and the inestimable services rendered the cause of dramatic music by Gluck, were held by the lecturer as the noblest and most inspiring productions in operatic composition which have succeeded their time. In Mozart the lyric drama attained its highest elevation, as evidenced in his Don Juan and the Magic Flute, respectively the first specimens of true Italian and German lyric opera in existence.

•

Beethoven's one great opera, with its superb Leonora overture, were held to be among the most magnificent inspirations of the second period of the musical activity of that mighty Colossus in the realm of absolute music. The life and influence of Cimarosa and Cherubini were pointed out, and the lecturer expressed his firm belief that in the light of the recent creations of Richard Wagner and Verdi, the most important development of musical art in the future would be in the domain of operatic composition. Illustrated selections from the works of Peri and Monteverde were rendered on the piano by Mr. Vogt, who explained their gradual development and the influence of the old ecclesiastical modes upon the musical composition of that time. The lecture was further illustrated by selections from Gluck's Iphigenie en Aulide, Cimarosa's Matrimonio Segreto, Mozart's Don Juan and Magic Flute, Cherubini's Water-Carrier, and Beethoven's Fidelio-Leonora Overture. Mr. Vogt's second lecture will have special reference to the influence of the modern romantic school upon operatic composition.

•

The second concert of the Haslam Vocal Society for the season of 1890-91 is announced for Thursday evening, April 30, in the Pavilion, when the subscribers and the public may look for a brilliant performance. The society has under rehearsal a number of very fine selections, and they will be assisted by solo artists of the highest rank, among whom may be mentioned the great American basso, Myron W. Whitney of Boston, and Mlle. Clementine De Vere, prima donna soprano of New York, both of whom enjoy a world-wide reputation, and this, with the high standard of the society's repertoire, will ensure this concert being a memorable occasion in musical annals in Toronto.

•

Miss De Vere has also been engaged for the concert on Tuesday, April 21, of the Toronto Vocal Society, when she will be associated with Herr Franz Wilzeck, the celebrated Austrian violinist, making a very strong array of talent in addition to the choral forces of the society.

•

The same evening will see a visit to Toronto from Mr. Louis C. Elson, connected with the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, who will give an illustrated lecture on music in Association Hall. Mr. Elson is a cultured musician and one of the best writers on music in America, and his lecture will prove a great enjoyment to those fortunate enough to hear him.

•

The locally patriotic feeling which led to the criticism of the appointment of an outsider to the headship of the new Collegiate Institute when a thoroughly equipped pedagogue like Captain Manley was in our midst, has received another shock by the recent appointment of Edwin M. Lott, Mus. Doc., to the professorship of music at Trinity University. For several years the musical interests of this institution have most ardently been helped by Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac. who has been untiring in his enthusiastic devotion to the college and to the furthering of higher theoretical musical education. He is a scholarly musician, well trained and ripe, and has been warm in the advocacy of advanced study, with a view to the acceptance of Trinity College degrees, yet he is passed over and a gentleman is appointed who is resident in England, and whose professional work is limited, this year at all events, to the delivery of two lectures, whose chronological sequence would argue the passage of a half generation before the present day can be considered from the professorial chair, even if Dr. Lott should make annual visits to his college. I do not, of course, wish to be considered as saying a single word against Doctor Lott, I am only drawing attention to the objectionable tendency to pass over residents of Toronto who have borne the burden and the heat of the day, and who have won for themselves proper recognition of their attainments, while warm in the service of the institutions and interests which pass them over in favor of non-residents.

•

Next week will be quite a musical one. On Monday and Tuesday the Philharmonic Society holds its festival, the central feature of which will of course, be Charles Santley. His Elijah is world-renowned, and nothing is to be feared he will sing the baritone part in Eve, besides singing some of his best known songs. On Thursday evening Mrs. Adamson gives her concert in Association Hall with a very interesting programme.

•

The Harmony Club has been active and never-ceasing in its efforts to prepare Gilbert & Sullivan's Iolanthe in a manner fitting for the social and musical renown of its members. Mr. E. W. Schuch has been conducting two full rehearsals each week, and the choruses are now thoroughly memorized, a body of over fifty singers being in training for the chorus parts. The soloists have been chosen and are: Phyllis, Miss Gilmour; Queen of the Fairies, Mrs. Mackelcan; Iolanthe, Miss Lash; Celia, Mrs. Bignell; Leila, Mrs. Crowther; Fleta, Miss Sybil Seymour; Strephon, Mr. J. F. Kirk; Lord Tolloller, Mr. T. D. Beddoe; Lord Mount Ararat, Mr. J. A. Macdonald. The part of the Lord Chancellor will be taken by Mr. Arthur H. Bell of New York, who also acts as stage manager. Mr. Bell superintended the first production of Iolanthe in America, and is a thoroughly capable artist. Everything points to a most successful performance. The dates are set for Thursday and Friday, April 23 and 24.

•

A bright addition to the catalogue of sailor songs has been made by Miss Mary Frances Boylan, who has written a fine swinging song entitled The Ship with the Flag of Blue. It is published by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer.

•

Another great attraction that will shortly be here is Mme. Helen Hopekirk the well-known pianist who, by the kindness of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter and Leeming, will give a recital at Association Hall at 3 o'clock next Saturday afternoon, assisted by Mrs. Caldwell. Mme. Hopekirk is an artist whose reputation has been steadily growing since her return from Europe. Cards of admission may be had at the warerooms of the above firm.

METRONOME.

English Critics on "The Idler."

First Critic—What do you think of the American part, Jones?

Second Critic—Oh! not much. I think I could imitate the Yankee better than that fellow does it, with a week's practice.

First Critic—H'm! I don't know whether you know it, my boy, but "that fellow" is really an American, appearing in England for the first time to-night.

The Drama.

BURLESQUE and farce have had more than their just share of the attention of Toronto theater goers this season, but I do not think that one first-nighter went away disappointed from last Monday's performance at the Grand. We have had with us this week the great and only Dixey in a new farce, burlesque or extravaganza entitled The Seven Ages. The famous soliloquy in As You Like It is too well known to justify quotation. The play is a humorous elaboration of it from the joint pens of Messrs. Gill and Dixey. The introduction presents to the audience a young New Yorker, Bertie Van Loo, of the "Four Hundred," who invokes Shakespeare (a statue) to have the past, the life of one of his ancestors spread out before him. The prayer is granted, and he settles himself for a nap in an arm chair. The representation is then developed, something after the fashion of A Tinted Venus, and the life of Albertus Van Loo, born in the early part of the eighteenth century, is traced from first to second childhood with Mr. Dixey as Infant, Schoolboy, Lover, Soldier, Justice, Old Boy or Pantaloon and Oblivionist. The only thing at all approaching a plot-motive is the enmity between the houses of Van Loo and Van Wart and the downward career of the son and heir of the latter house, Jacob Van Wart. The whole performance partakes of the nature of the other performances with which Mr. Dixey's name has been connected. Songs and dances are interspersed throughout and the chorus girls, if I may so call them, are in point of beauty considerately above the average. One noticeable defect is the appearance between each scene of a long winded and stout young lady, who explains the previous scene and fires off witticisms(?). This young lady calls herself the "chorus" and refers to her Greek Temple, so I presume that if Sophocles were at the performance he would call her a chorus of Greek priestesses. She must certainly weigh enough to make a plural chorus.

•

Mr. Dixey was the inimitable Dixey from the first scene when but his head appears, to the seventh scene when he rose for a moment above the mimic, songster and dancer and became an actor, an actor, who as he delivered those final words:

"Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything"

was almost tragic. And on the whole I thought his portrayal of the Old Boy much superior to the rest of his performance, excellent though it was throughout. His portrayal of The Lover was a reminescence of his famous Adonis, and the Schoolboy episode of the cigarette (query, Did they smoke cigarettes in Ye Amsterdam?) was most amusing. As the Soldier, Colonel Van Loo, he had little to do, but the curtain descended upon him as he sat aloft on his bronze charger with hand upraised, *a la* George Washington. He made an apoplectic and hilarious Justice, and this scene gave more scope to those talents which have hitherto particularly distinguished him, than the other scenes. The song and chorus, A Little Peach in the Orchard Grew, or Listen to My Tale of Woe, was here introduced, but was regrettably curtailed. His performance in scenes six and seven was, as I have said, superb. In the epilogue the curtain rises with the nineteenth-century Bertie Van Loo repeating the last words of the soliloquy, and his sister rushes in and wakes him up, the whole seven ages of his ancestor having passed before in exactly seven minutes. Mr. Herbert Leslie as the cadaverous Jacob Van Wart, scapegoat, rival, Tory traitor and conspirator, and wreck, was good, as was also Mr. Howard as Uncle Carolus Van Loo, Major Van Koff, and Admiral Barnacle, particularly as the latter. Messrs. Schiller, Campbell and Don filled their parts well, and the latter's Hibernian and other specialties "brought down the house." The gentlemen, however, did not seem to feel at home in evening dress. Miss Yolande Wallace of the lady support was good looking and piquant but there were no noticably good voices among the ladies. The costumes and scenery were fresh and beautiful.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Pauline L'Allemand and Marie Tempest will divide the honors at the Casino next season. Miss L'Allemand's engagement begins August 1; Miss Tempest's October 1.

Carl Millocker's unique opera, Poor Jonathan, will have had one hundred and seventy performances at the Casino at the close of this week. In a little while its New York triumph—for it is a triumph, view it in any light you may—will parallel that which it achieved in its composer's own country; and there is much food for reflection in this result, which is a signal credit to the Casino singers, who, led by charming Lillian Russell, have done a great deal to make Millocker's work liked by this public.

Anna Dickinson's dementia recalls her failure as an actress. It is a curious fact that she has never believed that she did not succeed artistically in her brief venture on the stage. The absurd fiasco was, to her thinking, a brilliant achievement. Even at that time she must have been mentally unbalanced, for she talked vehemently and incoherently of the plot to ruin her theatrical chances. She declared that men of the political party opposed to her own had conspired, in retaliation for her rostrum eloquence against them, to thwart her stage ambition. One of her delusions was that a large fund had been contributed by these enemies to bribe the dramatic critics of all the big cities, and she construed every published article, even those in which the futility of her essay at acting was described most leniently, as so much evidence of corruption. To her it was inconceivable that a great orator could be other than a great player. Her wild talk passed for an ebullition of disappointment, but the belief is now that her mind was disordered. A friend who has visited her in the asylum says that her imagination is now filled with enmity to Mrs. Leslie Carter, and that her fluent tongue is employed in uttering it. She regards Mrs. Carter's conspicuousness on the stage as a personal outrage, and voices her resentment in addresses to imaginary audiences.

After an interval of sixteen years Augustin Daly again revived Love's Labor Lost at the Fifth avenue Theater, on March 28. The *Sunday Mercury* says of the performance: "The story of Love's Labor Lost is made exceedingly interesting by the effective treatment of its lines by Mr. Daly's company and by the manifest care he has bestowed upon its luxurious accessories and costumes. Ada Rehan's Princess of France is a dainty combination of beauty, grace and elegance, and after her, George Clarke's admirable delivery of his lines and splendid presence as Biron came in for unstinted praise. Sidney Herbert's bombastic Don Adriano is cleverly conceived and artistically realized and Flossie Ethel as his page made a distinct hit by her nonchalant wit and pretty songs. James Lewis' Costard is a very quaint representation of the Elizabethan country bumpkin, and Kittie Cheatham's Jaquenetta proved to be a very clever companion portraiture. John Drew was well made up as the King of Navarre and played his part with much dignity; in fact the entire cast gave evidence of careful rehearsal and artistic competency. Kitty Cheatham's Cuckoo song and Where Icicles Hang, by John McCauley, elicited merited praise, and Henry Wildmer's round, Should Love Make Me Forsworn, by six young ladies, evidently afforded much pleasure. The scenery is entirely new and is very beautiful, notably the King's park of the third act and the encampment of the Princess in act four. Considering that the regular season of Mr. Daly's company at this theater will end in a fortnight, the magnificence of this production, with its attendant outlay, cannot fail to surprise more economical managers. Love's Labor Lost, as presented last night, constitutes the memorable stage event of the current season at this theater."

'Varsity Chat.

The medicals are now in the midst of their examinations, the "festal day" having arrived at last. As is always the case, almost all the candidates are complaining about their work, and state that if they had a few weeks longer to study they would be better prepared for the ordeal. To extend the time would not make much difference to the students, for they would only spend a certain number of hours at their books no matter how much time was given them, so they are as well prepared for the examination as they would be a month hence.

•

Mr. J. Hewetson has passed with honors the final examination for M.D., C.M., and Mr. J. W. Scane the primary examination for the same degree with honors at McGill University, Montreal. Both these young men are old 'Varsity boys and all who know them are pleased to hear of their success.

•

Examinations have a peculiar effect on some of the students. They worry so much over them that they at last are overcome with nervous prostration, with the result that they are not able to write at all. In reality, the student who keeps his head clear and his mind free from "bogies" and vain dreams, is sure to be successful without causing himself bodily injury or mental agony. In this matter I am reminded of how a student at Wycliffe College views examinations. The provisional timetable giving the hours for each subject is now on the bulletin board, and at the end of this peculiar document one of the students has written the time-table for the future in the simple words, "Then the millennium."

•

At the annual meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, R. W. Thompson; vice-president, A. T. Laing; recording secretary, J. A. G. Ardagh; corresponding secretary, W. A. Lee; treasurer, W. A. Bucke; librarian, A. V. White; editors, J. B. Goodwin and A. J. McPherson. The society has had great success during the past year, and the new officers intend to work as faithfully as their predecessors and make the meetings even more entertaining than they were this year.

•

Last Tuesday evening the Knox men made merry in a most cordial way in the college dining-hall. The occasion was the sixth annual students' supper, but all the joys and delights of the evening did not depend on the material repast, for "man cannot live by bread alone." The after-dinner programme of songs and speeches was the chief source of pleasure during the evening. Mr. F. O. Nichol presided, and Mr. James McMillan, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. P. E. Nichol, Rev. John Somerville, M.A., Mr. W. G. W. Fortune, B.A., Mr. H. A. Percival, Prof. R. Y. Thomson, Rev. G. W. Logie, Mr. D. M. Buchanan, B.A., Rev. W. J. Clark, Rev. W. Patterson, Mr. W. Gauld, B.A., Mr. T. H. Rogers, B.A., Mr. J. W. Macmillan, Mr. H. C. Foster, Mr. A. Carrick, B.A., Mr. P. McNabb, Mr. J. F. Scott, Mr. N. Lindsay, B.A., Mr. E. L. Hunt, Mr. J. S. Scott, Mr. T. McCrae, Mr. R. W. Ross, Mr. J. K. Arnott, Mr. W. H. Johnston, Mr. W. R. Johnston, Mr. J. D. Edgar and Mr. W. Cooper delivered addresses. I understand that the representatives of the press who were at the banquet gave the graduating class some pointers as to the best methods of writing a sermon. They were indeed surprised to hear that some of the best sermons ever delivered (!) were written by reporters who were not present at the services, and did not even know the texts.

DRAX ALEEN.

In the Spring.

Now, when he greets his wife divine
With "Why search for a ship, pet?"
She answers, "If to-morrow's fine
We'll go and shake the carpet."

A Tip to the Waiter.

Crusty (from the rural districts)—What ye pokin' yer hand at me for?

Waiter—Yoh fo'got something, sah.

Crusty—No, I hain't, I guess. You're waitin' for a tip, ain't ye?

Waiter—If you please, sah.

Crusty—Waal, here's a straight one. You keep on waitin' an' you'll bo gray long 'fore you're rich.—*Chicago Times.*

To the Poet of the Spring.

For Saturday Night.

Herald of Ethereal Wildness,
Gentle mark for Satire's sting,
Tireless rhymer, winging press-wards,
Welcome! Poet of the Spring.

Paragrapher cannot blight thee,
Gladness promptetb thee to sing,
Thou'st a mission, halting rhymer
As a Harbinger of Spring.

Thou'st a message, glad and hopeful,
Such as thro' the woodlands ring:
Tho' thy metre mar thy music,
Still thy song's the first in Spring.

Thou art here ere yet Sweet April
Scents the mould and speeds the wing;
Ever first mid Vernal Freshness,
Epidemic of the Spring.

Thou art with us ere the robin,
Ere soft rain the violets bring,
When the heart is all forgiving,
And the sweetest song is Spring.

Welcome! then, Sweet Bard of Passage,
Thou who rhymest Limb with Swing,
Yawns the Basket marked "Waste Paper,"
Thou art "in it" in the Spring.

S. HUSTER.

A Voice at Even.

For Saturday Night.

The eve was hush'd. No sound discordant broke
The stillness that enwrapt the slumb'ring earth.
Low-sighing zephyrs, seaward wandering,
Soft swayed the dreamy meadowlands, while bright,
From out the land of sunset, Hesper fair,
Begirt with fading glories scaled the West.

The eve was hush'd. But, ah! within me raged
Tempestuous blackness. Shattered at my feet,
My life's ambitions lay a crumbling pile.
Advance was hopeless. Barr'd was all retreat,
Life seem'd a desert wild, with thorns o'ergrown,
And into the summer night I wandered on, alone.

The eve was hush'd. But through the silent gloom,
Like angel whisperings from some sister clime,
Came borne a maiden's voice, in accents sweet,
Chanting an e'ning hymn. A balm sublime,
It flooded my darken'd soul, and let the light
Of banished hope dispell the deep'ning night.

A. L. MCNAB.

The Mother.

I.

It was April, blossoming spring,
They buried me, when the birds did sing;

Earth, in clammy wedging earth,
They banked my bed with a black, damp girth.

Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.

Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.

For though in the under-grave's doom-night
I lay all silent and stark and white,

Yet over my head I seemed to know
The murmurous moods of wind and snow,

The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew

The water-ghosts up from lakes below,
And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.

Under earth, in the grave's stark night,
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.

I felt the winds of ocean and land
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.

Though they had buried me dark and low
My soul with the season's seemed to grow.

II.

I was a bride in my sickness sore,
I was a bride nine months and more.

From throes of pain they buried me low,
For death had finished a mother's woe.

But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.

I dreamed of my babe, and I kenned that his rest
Was broken in wailings on my dead breast.

I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling:
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.

When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.

I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.

I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed
To the world of sorrowing overhead.

Men would have called me a thing of harm,
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud;
No stars those white, no winds were loud;

But I stole me past the graveyard wall,
For the voice of my baby seemed to call;

And I kenned me a voice, though my lips were dumb;
Hush, baby, hush! for mother is come.

I passed the streets to my husband's home;
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb;

I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,
Light waves that break on the shores of death.

I listened a space at my chamber door,
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.

My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm.
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,

"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there!
O come with me from the pain and care!

"O come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,

"Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,
And mother will croon you a mother-song,

"A slumber-song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth-song lies!

"The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there."

I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest.

And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars:

Dead to its hates, its hopes, and its harms,
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.

And heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And saints make music on pearly floors,

And hall may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they never can take my baby from me.

For so much a part of my soul he hath grown
That God doth know of it high on His throne.

And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,

With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

William Wilfred Campbell in Harper's Magazine.

Noted People.

Walt Whitman's mother was of Netherland descent and his grandmother was a Quaker. The poet himself is said to show distinctly his Dutch ancestry.

Miss Isabel Hapgood, the Russian translator and lecturer, is a rather stately dame, with white hair. She has a strong voice, incisive utterance, and delightfully clear enunciation.

Dr. Schliemann changed his wife's name of Sophie to a more Homeric-sounding one, and named his children Andromache and Agamemnon. He bestowed on his servants names taken from the Iliad or the Odyssey.

Private audiences will no longer be granted to private persons by Pope Leo the Thirteenth. He has been much annoyed lately by the published reports of interviews, and by the comments of the European press, based upon those reports.

This remark is imputed to Governor Jones of Alabama, when he heard that the people of Athens, in that state, had hung him in effigy: "They should have notified me that they intended to hang me, and I would have issued a pardon to myself."

The sister-in-law of Thomas Carlyle died the other day in Brantford township. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle was eighty-three years of age, and though so far advanced in years, was a bright, chatty old lady, and cherished some interesting and piquant memories of the great Chelsea philosopher.

Miss Elaine Goodale's *fiance*, although a full-blooded Sioux, is an educated and intelligent man. He studied at Beloit College, took the full course at Dartmouth, and studied medicine at Harvard. He has for some years been practicing medicine and surgery among his people in Dakota, and has been very useful.

Vittoria Colonna, "the glory of all Italy for grace, for lofty intellect and for marvelous virtue in a most corrupt age," who was adored by Michael Angelo, is to be commemorated by a statue in her native place, Marino, a short distance from Rome. In the present year occurs the four-hundredth anniversary of her birth.

Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace, the mother of Gen. Lew Wallace, recently addressed a meeting in Washington upon the topic, "Why the Members of the W. C. T. U. Desire Woman Suffrage." Mrs. Wallace is seventy-four years old, but she spoke for an hour with such enthusiasm and eloquence that not one person left the house until the close of her speech.

Sixty years ago there were but five millionaires in the country. In New York, John Jacob Astor and Stephen Whitney; in Philadelphia, Stephen Girard; in Cincinnati, Nicholas Longworth, and in Boston, William Gray. New York City alone now boasts over five hundred men who count a million dollars, and a large number of these are millionaires many times over.

Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, who of late years has become one of the leading art critics of America, lives in the now unfashionable but dignified neighborhood of Washington Square. Her house recalls the very best period of New York architecture and home decoration, and her spacious drawing-room, that looks out by long French windows on quiet Ninth street, is filled with superbly carved and inlaid family furniture, much of which antedates the Revolution.

Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt is an earnest and ardent student and collector of ceramics. She is also deeply versed in the periods and comparative artistic values of furniture. She has studied seriously the French authorities on cabinet-making, inlay, and upholstery, and in her Fifth avenue home, where at one period naught but dazzling splendor and somewhat crude luxury prevailed, she has instituted almost entire redecoration and refurnishing on a more harmonious and æsthetic plan.

Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone of Kalamazoo, Michigan, has received from Mrs. Bloomfield Moore of California, a check for one thousand dollars, to assist in establishing in Michigan University the professorship for women in which Mrs. Stone is so deeply interested. A number of other persons have promised financial aid. Mrs. Bloomfield Moore will be remembered as the lady who has rendered such great assistance to Mr. Keeley of "Motor" fame.

Earl Beauchamp, who was buried the other day at Madresfield Court which lies just beyond Malvern, carried with him to his grave the respect of nearly every villager. He was extremely popular with his tenants, who always referred to him as "our Earl," and he used at the annual fruit show to give prizes to boys for taking the greatest number of wasps' nests, and for taking hornets' nests. The earl had a terrible antipathy towards these insects, as they not only destroy the fruit, but the earl, when a lad, had been severely stung by a wasp, and never forgot it. Another peculiarity of his was, that he would have no birds at Madresfield Court save those of pure white. He had white pigeons, white ducks, white turkeys, etc. Black members of the feathered tribe found no welcome from him.

The advance in royal favor of Prince Henry of Battenberg—"Prince Beatrice," as he is too familiarly called—has been slow and hardly won. The marriage was never popular with any class in England, much the reverse at court. The queen suffered the match on the understanding that Princess Beatrice, the home companion of her later years, should live, as heretofore, with her mother, and, as there was a husband, why, he must live there, too. When the queen went abroad and the bridegroom traveled in her train, the humiliation of the situation grew unbearable. By one of her earliest favors, the queen ordered that Prince Henry should be styled royal highness. In England, of course, the queen's wish in this respect is law; but abroad, more particularly in Germany, her edict is as the idle winds. A little more than twelve months ago, after several years of home happiness, Prince Henry struck. There are wicked stories told at London dinner-tables of how "Prince Beatrice," going down to Portsmouth, in obedience to orders, to join the family circle at Osborne, has taken advantage of the merest indication of mist on the Solent, boldly called it a fog, protested the impossibility of crossing, hurried back to London, and spent one cheerful night in mitigation of his monotonous home happiness.

The Story of the Rear Column

Of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition by the late James S. Jameson, naturalist of the expedition, edited by Mrs. James S. Jameson. Toronto: The Rose Publishing Company (Ltd.).

The above volume, as will be anticipated by the reader, is chiefly devoted to the refutation by the internal evidence of the late Mr. Jameson's diary and letters of the charges made against him by Stanley. The book is, however, not without ordinary interest to the reader as a narrative of adventure. It is well illustrated by sketches made from the author's originals, although the letterpress is far from being satisfactory. A map of the region in which the events narrated took place, and a facsimile of a letter from Tippu-Tib are also included, and a natural history appendix is contributed by several distinguished scientists. Numerous interesting incidents are told of in a free and easy manner, and many of Tippu-Tib. One of the stories about him is that on one occasion he and his men were attacked by a hostile tribe of whom he succeeded in taking a large number prisoners. He knew he would be attacked by them again, so he killed all the captives, and having cut them up small, he put them in large pots to boil, mixing up bananas and all sorts of things, until a rich savory aroma arose from the pots. When he was attacked by the natives, he pretended to retreat, and watched his enemies—who had found the pots on the fire—set to and ravenously eat up their own people. This was perhaps disgusting to the hostile tribe if they found it out, as they would probably consider the eating of one's own people as cannabalism. And here it may be interesting to those who are interested in culinary matters to say that in Africa the method of cooking plump young girls is to stuff the candidate with bananas as we stuff a fowl and then roast her to a "brown."

As will be seen by the title given above Mr. Jameson embarked on the expedition under the impression that he was naturalist to it. The terms of his agreement with Stanley, however, say nothing of this, merely stating that he shall "Accept any post or position in that expedition which he (Mr. Stanley) may assign to me." And further "serve him loyally and devotedly, to obey all his orders and to use my utmost endeavors to bring the expedition to a successful issue." He further agreed to deposit £1,000 to the credit of the expedition, the same to be forfeited should he leave the expedition through sickness or by his own free will; and also agreed to refrain from publishing any account connected with the expedition in the newspapers or elsewhere until six months after the publication by Stanley, or his representative, of his book.

He was not long allowed to imagine that he had really any scientific position on the expedition. As soon as the real work began we find him speaking of the "gilt being worn off" for him. Stanley also refused him a man to carry his collecting kit, so that whatever collecting he was at liberty to do was done at great inconvenience.

Jameson was an Irishman by birth, and seems to have had that kind-heartedness which is characteristic of his race. United with this were a naturalist's wide sympathies. Several stories, illustrative of the unusual tender-heartedness which characterized him from his earliest youth, are given in the biographical introduction. He was not inexperienced as a traveler, having been on collecting expeditions in Borneo, the Rocky Mountains and South Africa. He was, however, quite ill-adapted to act under Stanley. Stanley had no use for scientists or *gentlemen* on the expedition. He wanted men who could take a stick and quell a quarrel among the natives with a few raps on various woolly heads. Jameson could not do this, although he could admire a man who could, and he complains that his work is too much like that of a "slave-driver." There was unpleasantness between himself and Stanley from the first, and in August, 1887, he writes thus to his brother:

"As regards myself, the whole trip has been one vast sell. I have not had a single chance the whole time of collecting, drawing or doing anything but the duties of a slave-driver. I have never been on any trip which was so much like a funeral: no fun, all dampness, and this is greatly owing to Stanley himself, for no matter how hard you work, or how well you do a thing, you get no thanks, no encouragement, no cheery words, nothing but blame and hard words from him. I know, to give the devil his due, that his anxiety and worry of mind, besides the immense amount of things he has to think about are immense, but he ought not to be so single-minded and visit it on us poor devils. One cannot help admiring the man for his tremendous strength of will and power of overcoming all difficulties, also for his great pluck, but he is a man one could never make a friend of."

Early in his diary he speaks of Stanley's shameful treatment of Major Bartletot in placing him in command of only the worst men, and throughout he writes with affectionate regard of Bartletot. After that officer's death he writes:

"It is a fearfully sad piece of news to me, for even since we were left alone together at Yambuya Camp, more than a year ago, there has been the closest friendship between us, never so much as a single quarrel. In all difficulties we went to one another for advice, and many a happy picture did we draw of times at home together after all this unlucky expedition was over. He was a straight, forward, honest English gentleman; his only fault being a little too quick-tempered. He loved plain, straight, forward dealing far too much even to get on well with the Arabs. He hated their crafty roundabout way of doing everything, and showed it to them, and, of course, was disliked in turn. He was far too good a man to lose his life in a miserable way like this, and God knows what I shall do without him." The reader must remember that those words were not written as an obituary address, but simply the words of a man commenting in his diary on another man's death. A man guilty of the gross crimes that Stanley charges Bartletot with would hardly have such words written unasked about him by one who had been his comrade for a year and a half. And a man guilty of the crimes Jameson is charged with would hardly write such words.

The trial and execution of Sanga, for the murder of Bartletot, is interesting.

"Sanga was asked if he had anything further to say. He repeated that he had not done it, and had run away because people said he had, and that on the road he had met Muni Somar, who, when he saw him, ran away as fast as he could. Voting papers were then given to Tippu-Tib, Mons. Haneuse, and three other Belgian officers, to mark with a cross if they considered him guilty, and to leave blank if innocent. All five papers were found crossed, so Mons. Haneuse told Sanga he had been found guilty and would be shot. He laughingly replied: 'Well, do it quick.' He was chained to a large log, and when carried outside, said again with a laugh: 'It is all right; the white man is dead; I am going to die too.' He was carried down to the rocks on the shore, where a firing party of six Houssas, at six paces, fired at him and did not kill him; fired a second time and did not kill him. Then one of the Belgian officers ran up with a revolver and fired two shots into his head. Only four bullets had hit him, two in the right breast, one in the knee, and one in the throat, besides the two from the revolver. After the first discharge, when he was hit by some of the bullets, the look he gave us was the most horrible I think I ever saw on a man's face."

A considerable portion of the preface is devoted to pointing out the defects in the evidence of Assad Farran, who had been dismissed on account of his utter uselessness, and of Bonny, Stanley's chief witnesses in his charges against Jameson and Barttelot. Assad Farran's testimony is valueless. Several times in his diary, Jameson mentions that Assad is villifying him among the natives, and he bore the reputation of a confirmed liar. After reading the Diary it is impossible to believe the charges, but it also makes Bonny's conduct all the more inexplicable. Bonny seems throughout the expedition to have taken a quiet, unobtrusive part. The only difference which he and Jameson seem to have had was on an occasion when Jameson was obliged to assume command over him as instructed by Stanley in his letter of instructions to Barttelot. Although instances are given of Stanley's differences with all his other officers, on no occasion is there any account of Bonny's differing with him. Stanley charges of irresolution against the officers of the Rear Column are probably true. But this is more due to the temperaments of Jameson and Barttelot than anything else. And to give the devil his due Bonny, despite his wilful untruthfulness, when he found that there was nobody to contradict him, was perhaps the best officer on the Rear Column.

Jameson was paralyzed by the death of Barttelot and was undecided as to how to proceed. He tried to arrange with Tippu-Tib for his assistance in finding Stanley but could not come to terms. He at last decided to return to Bagnala for information and help, and as he puts it:

"If I find the reply from the committee to be, 'go on at all hazards' I will return at once and start with the men myself. If I find that it does not tell me to go on at all hazards, I will send Mr. Ward with a telegram to Banana stating my present position." When he reached Bagnala he was lifted out of his canoe almost lifeless. As he was floating along the river to Bagnala he was also floating into the gates of death. His last written words are dated August 13, 1888, and describe a weird night scene on the river. He died on the evening of August 17, at Ward's house at Bagnala. Ward was at his side to the last, and his last words uttered an hour or so before his death, were:

"Ward! Ward! they're coming; listen!" (and as the drums rumbled in the distance) "Yes! they're coming—now let's stand together." He was thinking of the drums calling the savages to fight him, while he drifted down the river past the villages. He is buried on an island opposite Bagnala, one thousand miles from the sea. Although he may have given Stanley much cause for dissatisfaction he was anxious to do his duty. In his last letter to his wife, written a fortnight before he died he speaks of his having in his mind her father's favorite text "Know, O man, that to know and love justice, and to do the thing that is right, that shall bring a man peace at last."

After meeting Bonny and the remnant of the Rear Column Stanley wrote a letter to Jameson, dated August 30, which of course never reached him, in which he says that he and the other officers who turned back must have been demented; and says that he considers him a deserter and his £1,000 forfeited; but telling him his route and that he may follow if he wishes.

The book is a valuable contribution to the African question. A review can give but a limited idea of the book. It would take many columns to enter into the pros and cons of Stanley's charges. They cannot be directly disproved, but in Jameson's diary and letters there is evidence which speaks louder than the testimony of men who have been proved untruthful in many matters. The fact of Jameson's failure to meet Stanley's requirements can not excuse the latter's violation of all rules of decency and honor in villifying the memory of a dead man. In the introduction are quoted some lines which are particularly applicable to the situation:

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls,
Who steals my purse steals trash:
'Tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

TOUCHSTONE.

How He Lost It.

Lady Lecturer on Woman's Rights (waxing warm)—Where would man be if it had not been for woman? (After a pause, and looking around the hall.) I repeat, where would man be if it had not been for woman?

Voice from the gallery—In Paradise, ma'am.

To Be Handled Carefully.

A shrewd old lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying:

"My child, a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him there too long, and he hardens."

The Children's Fresh Air Fund.

W. D. Grand, the most prominent of Canada's horse-dealers, has never done a more graceful thing, and, if I may say so, never a more clever thing than the giving of a horse show for the benefit of the Children's Fresh Air Fund. As readers of this paper are aware, SATURDAY NIGHT has every year devoted itself to a little collection for the benefit of the youngsters. This year we shall acknowledge, as usual, such contributions as are received. In furtherance of the object, which should be dear to the heart of everyone who cares to see the little ones, born in poverty and nurtured in misery, given a few days or a few hours of happiness, we reproduce from the handsome catalogue issued by W. D. Grand, a few pictures of the horses which are to appear in the Shaw street Rink next Saturday afternoon and evening. A large number of four-in-hands, cobs—single and double—and a vast array of handsome horses of every description will be exhibited to the public, and all the funds received will go to the maintenance of what should be everybody's affair, the babies' fresh air fund. The rink has been fitted up at great expense for the horse fair. Everyone who knows the kindly-mannered and pleasant gentleman who presides at the sales and who will conduct the exhibition, may be sure that W. D. Grand will not let the people go from the exhibition dissatisfied with the most delightful of all entrancing objects, handsome, well driven, and well ridden horses. Few people who may meet W. D. Grand, the low-voiced, spectacled and unobtrusive gentleman, would imagine that he is the leading horse-man in this province. Those who have had dealings with him are always sure that while their own judgment may be at fault and they may choose the wrong horse, they will get just what they are promised. Those who buy horses, like those who marry, may get a prize or merely one fair to look upon and awfully hard to drive. Mr. Grand, in his active philanthropy in giving an exhibition in aid of a fund which SATURDAY NIGHT has always desired to favor, deserves even more than the good things which are being said about him, and it is to be hoped that on Saturday week, the 11th inst., the Shaw street rink may see one of the largest crowds ever gathered together in Toronto. In New York these exhibitions of horsemanship are most popular socially, fifty and a hundred dollars being paid for a box. Even if the object were a purely selfish one, W. D. Grand deserves encouragement for introducing in Toronto an amusement which is really artistic, an entertainment which instructs every beholder in what is beautiful in horses, carriages and driving. Very few of us may be able to own or drive such handsome horses as shall be on exhibition, but surely the pleasure of seeing is next to that of owning, and we may congratulate ourselves that it is very much cheaper. Then again, all the dollars that are made will be for the pleasure of the joyless youngsters who, in the season to come, may visit the grove, have a run across the bay, and drink milk and have an unusual lunch. For every fifty cent ticket bought, five youngsters will have a day of pleasure; for every twenty five cent ticket half the number will have a sail across the lake, plenty to eat and drink for a day, and a memory of something pleasant for the morrow.

Two Voices.

Voice from Downstairs—Eddie, dear, aren't you going to get up? It's getting late.

Eddie—Yes'm.

Another Voice (five minutes later)—Edward! Edward—Yes, sir!—*Puck.*

Changing the Breed.

"Hello, Hans! What in thunder alls your dog's tail?"

"Vell, you see, I vos makin' a pointer ofe dat dog, an' I clips he's tail a leedle, so he can vid it point bedder, ain't id?"—*Judge.*

A Dentist's Epitaph.

He is filling his last cavity.—*Judge.*

THE STAIN ON THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE "NEW MAN."

A rough-looking, roughly dressed, roughly speaking man passed through Nanuet, a short time before so stirred by the murder and consequent trial. He was harmless-looking enough, but was taken by many for a tramp; and tramps were not admitted into the good graces of the village. He was a small little notice. Whether he came on foot or by rail, who knew? Who would have cared, had they known?

He passed along the road through the village, and a few remarked him; that was all. He inquired the way to old Hardman's farm from one or two of those whom he met, saying that he heard the old man desired a farm-hand and he would be glad of the place if he could suit. That somewhat roused the curiosity of those questioned. They believed he would not suit, but what was it to them, after all?

So it was that, by and by, he came to the Hardman farm, through the woods, taking the cart track as directed, and turning half way through down a hollow to the left, came out upon the farm, facing a clearing in the distance wood. A prosperous-looking place enough in itself, but evidently kept with closest care for the sole money value. The newcomer's keen gray eyes noted everything, while he slowly walked up the path made by feet coming and going—not by hands for adornment. There was nothing for mere adornment about the place, the plain, white, unshuttered house staring with its blue-shaded windows upon the wood. There was an orchard to the right, the barns and outbuildings to the left, and beyond these stretched the fields and gardens, ending afar off in the dense wood. That was all.

"I suppose they'll give a fellow enough to eat, even if they don't overpay him," muttered the stranger, swaggering up to the door at the rear, where only a plain bench was placed. "They'd have to feed them enough to get work out of them! Guess the old man knows enough for that, if he is so precious close. There is no profit in starvation!"

His rap on the outer door was at first unanswered, but when repeated a second and a third time, a harsh voice—evidently a woman's voice—called from within, asking who was there. When he replied that it was some one sent to see Mr. Hardman, the voice gave no more harsh in retorting that the man he wished to see could not be bothered; he was not in the house, and it would be impossible to say when he could be seen.

Nothing daunted, the stranger made answer that he then would wait till the old man came back, and sauntered out toward the barns, his hands in his pockets, whistling carelessly. This, the owner of the harsh voice evidently perceived, for presently the door was opened a very little way as the tall, hard-featured, sinewy woman, pressing her figure in the aperture thus made, called to him to come back and wait—if he was a-going to wait—in the kitchen there.

Easily divining that it would bring him no good to get the woman's ill-will, he turned about and sauntered back with the air of one accustomed to roughness of speech and action, and, therefore, not at all put by by it. He waited when the door was opened sufficiently to admit him, he passed into the large bare room, and the door was quickly closed. That same woman turned upon him, eyeing him with her cold, shrewd eyes, and inquired in a lower tone, but with the same unrelenting sternness, for what he wished to see old Hardman. She was his niece and might do as well. Her uncle was pretty busy just then with getting all things ready for the winter. He was accustomed to attend the farm, perhaps; perhaps he had gone away; he was often called away.

To this the man replied, quite unmoved, that he would wait and see the man; he was greatly obliged to her, he was sure, for her offer, but it was necessary for him to see Hardman. Pretty bad weather, that, for the fall of the year, didn't she think?

"Yes," she said, gruffly, with a curt nod of her head, bad weather, and there would be over other things worse'n the weather to bother one.

What was it that bothered her, the man queried, with no show of interest other than to gain her good will.

Oh, nothing particular, she said; nothing particular, of course. There was seldom anything of importance there to bother any one. But this man who was murdered was one of their friends (she place the emphatic stress upon the word), and it wasn't specially pleasant to have such things happen to one's friends and at one's very door. Then the old Hardman wasn't as strong as he might be; some folks said he wasn't quite right in his mind, but that she scouted. She knew better than that. Only it wasn't comfortable to be fretted about this dead man, and have folk running to and fro to make sure of the scene of the murder.

The man, sitting over the pale fire, warming his hands, his hat upon his knee, eyeing her from under his half-closed lids, said that it wasn't well to be bothered; no, he knew it wasn't. Why didn't they complain of it, and have it stopped?

Oh, yes, said the woman, with a scornful shrug of her shoulders, as she went on with her work, clearing the wood-box behind the stove and refilling it with ragged lengths of stick. There was ways, she supposed, to do such things, but it made folks surly; and then, these rumors about that old Hardman wasn't as strong as he might be; some folks said he wasn't quite right in his mind, but that she scouted. She knew better than that. Only it wasn't comfortable to be fretted about this dead man, and have folk running to and fro to make sure of the scene of the murder.

The man, sitting over the pale fire, warming his hands, his hat upon his knee, eyeing her from under his half-closed lids, said that it wasn't well to be bothered; no, he knew it wasn't. Why didn't they complain of it, and have it stopped?

Oh, yes, said the woman, with a scornful shrug of her shoulders, as she went on with her work, clearing the wood-box behind the stove and refilling it with ragged lengths of stick. There was ways, she supposed, to do such things, but it made folks surly; and then, these rumors about that old Hardman wasn't as strong as he might be; some folks said he wasn't quite right in his mind, but that she scouted. She knew better than that. Only it wasn't comfortable to be fretted about this dead man, and have folk running to and fro to make sure of the scene of the murder.

The woman moded in concert with her strange visitor, but decided, perhaps, that she said enough. In any event, she kept silence the remainder of the time, and it was a pretty long time, ere her uncle returned from the lower lots.

He was just as hard and grasping and mean-looking as when he stood with the crowd in the court-room and listened to the trial of the man accused of murdering one of his friends; when he listened, too, to the half-accusation made against his own nephew by the witnesses. His small, shrewd eyes looked out at the world with scrimping knowledge, as small and hardly pressed down as were the measures he gave and the measures he received. He could expect little, granting so much less.

His eyes fell instantly upon the stranger sitting unmoved over his fire, and his shrivelled face expressed as much surprise as his face was capable of expressing any emotion under any circumstances. Presently, however, his shrewd eyes went to the face of his niece as though he would understand how it was that any man dared stand—or sit—with such assurance in his house; and she, comprehending his look, shrugged her shoulders carelessly and explained that this was a strange man come to see him and would leave as soon as he had seen him. Then she went on with preparing dinner over the same scanty fire as though there was nothing in the world could move her from her composure.

But the farmer took this intrusion in quite a different light. His small eyes twinkled with anger from under their bushy brows, and his thin lips with their pale hue—there was too little blood in his body even to tinge his lips—he asked with considerable more roughness what this man had to say, and why he could not have said it to the woman instead of waiting there where he was neither invited nor wanted.

Evidently used to such a manner of address, the stranger stated his errand and that he was sent over to old Hardman from a friend in Nyack; and with that he drew forth a letter from his inner pocket and handed it to his questioner. The old man adjusted his spectacles for such an old, shriveled man, and without waiting for his spectacles he opened the note and read what it contained with an air of suspicion that must have made itself felt—for he had too few people for neighbors and fewer acquaintances whom he claimed as friends to make much considering any part of the statement. But what he read was apparently satisfactory in spite of his former suspicion, for when he read it twice to make sure nothing escaped him, he turned to the man and demanded rather sharply what sort of farm-work he had done and could do, and if he was a man-age cattle and milk and do all the endless things requisite upon a farm.

"For my farm ain't special easy to keep in order," he explained, with a grin of intense satisfaction upon his face, "fer the reason of its bein' of considerable size, neighbor. Ye'll hev to work up purty hard an' make your mind easy with our plain eatin' an' keep a'eye a quiet tongue, fer quiet tongues is better, an' does more in the end, than all the clatter o' half a hundred noisy ones. An' we're quiet folk here, anyways," he added, with that strange, wrinkled parting of his lips that never be graced with the appellation of a smile.

To all of which the stranger gave plain and satisfactory answers, and when the farmer had done questioning him, he was informed that he might remain until the next afternoon, when he should have a team going over to Nyack, and could inquire if all was right regarding the note. If all was well he would be given a place upon the farm and would thereafter stay as long as services were needed, or he proved himself worthy.

After the plain dinner of meat and vegetables and pie, enough of both to satisfy the new man—John King, he gave his name—was sent out with the two other men to begin his duties, and he was told that he would have to be proved on the morrow that he was not what he claimed to be. But when the morrow came and the old man went to his room, he discovered that the new man had not deceived him.

Finding nothing wrong in all this, Josiah Hardman finished such other business as he had to do in the village, and came home during there after dark, as the days were short and the storms across the early winter making the nights dark with rushing, roaring winds and chilling rains over the wild world.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHINK IN THE WINDOW.

John King made no special remark when informed by his master that he would continue in his present position, the reference obtained having no flaw in it. He was called into the kitchen where Hardman said his niece were sitting more over than before the fire, after the short supper; and this news, imparted in as few words as possible, seemed to impress upon the hearer the concession granted him by their ever accepting him upon any terms of any one's recommendation, the old farmer, with his long, bony fingers clasped around a tumbler of cider upon the bare pine table beside him as he talked, his wary eyes showing that he feared no ill-effect from his words, but that there was a gleam of satisfaction in the keen glance turned upon the scant face before him, that belied his manner. Then he went from the room, as he was bidden to do, and back to the room over the stables, where the hired men were expected to make themselves as comfortable or uncomfortable as circumstances would permit.

"He is disposed of," said the woman, sententiously, when John King was gone, her sharp eyes upon the old man's face. She rather resented this habit of his to indulge himself in the luxury of even a glass of cider over the fire of an evening, for she was a saving woman, was old Hardman's niece. "Mighty glad to get it, too, I think. Can't al'ays get a place like this."

The old man nodded several times, as though in this sly manner he conveyed a good deal of intelligence to the watching woman. Words were often such useless things. He raised the glass to his shrunken lips, his hand trembling somewhat. The woman's eyes were sharp to note this weakness. A gleam appeared in them. The old man was very old, and when he died this place would be hers by rights; she worked hard enough for it; she sold her soul even to retain her hold upon it; and when this trembling, mumbling old man died it should be hers. His dead daughter left no children, and the husband could claim nothing unless there should be a will; and she made sure of there being no will not long after she entered the household and bent her energies to holding and increasing the wealth already hoarded by her uncle in his grasping life.

"An' you made sure from Julian that he was all right, did you? he queried, by and by, after a long silence, during which the old man drank his cider with childish delight, and his niece could have found it in her heart to knock the glass from his hold and dash it into fragments if so she might break up this habit of his that must end in some harm to them; for when a man is under the influence of liquor, be it only cider and strong enough, he will say and do many things, she believed, that at another time torture could not wrine from him.

The old man nodded again and muttered "Yes" in a low voice, with a shrinking glance behind him. Then he sat with his fingers around the glass, watching greedily the last few drops it contained.

"It's the best way!" retorted the woman, with a short laugh, shrugging her shoulders. "Make sure of 'em, you know!"

The old man lifted his eyes to her face and then let them drop again quickly as though he dared not or was powerless to meet her eyes. The yellowish pallor habitual to his face, deepened for the moment to a ghastly hue. Then he rose, laughed in a harsh, broken, stealthy manner.

"Yes, it's al'ays best, Jane—it's al'ays best to make sure!" he said, shaking with his uncanny mirth. "We ain't got much here—we ain't got much; but what we has we want to keep."

"He wanted to see you when he come first," said the woman, when all signs of this mirth died away. They had a habit of continuing conversation in this strange way, sometimes days elapse between such short bits of talk, but they understood each other. That was one of their ways. "I left word you was asleep, and he couldn't, an' he didn't." Grim satisfaction in this piece of shrewdness. "There ain't never no tellin' what folks want, comin' on one so."

The wood in the stove burned down lower and lower, until only a dead bed of ashes was left to warm the two sitting before it. The candle—for candles are cheaper and safer than oil—sputtered and sizzled and flared wanly, making the bare room more desolate and dreary than daylight showed it to be, and it was dreary enough then. Outside, the wind whistled shrilly through the twisted tree boughs close to the house, even tapping now and then against the boards, as though some hand were knocking warningly to those two sitting over the dying fire.

"An' there's things as happens," said the woman, leaning forward, her sharp eyes never moving from the shriveled face opposite her, one rough hand held out, one long finger emphasizing every word, as though, perhaps, the old man's memory were poor, "there's things as happens unbeknown sometimes in these lonely places, you know. It's al'ays best to be sure."

The old man shivered. The fire was almost out, and the wind was sharp for finding out cracks, for whistling vagrant. His face never once more that livid hue that was more ghastly than his usual pallor. He thrust out his two bony hands toward his companion, as though pleaded silence the words upon her lips. Since that murder in the woods so near his house, he was wild with terror upon such mad nights as this.

"It's so lonely, you know," repeated the woman, as though she took some horrible pleasure in forcing his fears into words he knew he feared. "An' there's them as has no fear o' justice in their greed."

The old man made no answer, but he was a pitiable sight, as he shrank closer over the stove from which the fire was gone utterly out. He withdrew his hands from reaching out to the woman, and stretched them upon the very stove itself to gain some heat. It was deadly cold that night, he mumbled under his breath, as though he were intoxicated by the glass of cider. He scowled, and his bushy brows sank down startlingly over the small eyes. Horribly cold that night!

The woman seemed satisfied with her conversation, for she rose and stood up considerably above him in stature, as though to prove to him how weak he was compared, and with a harsh laugh upon her lips, took down a candle from the shelf behind the stove and lighting it at the scanty scraps of the candlestick upon the table, turned away and left the room without further words. There were never any statements between them, or more. It would have been out of human possibility.

When she was gone, the old man seemed to sink into a state of semi-unconsciousness, staring at the stove, his hands still upon it, cold though it was slowly growing under them. Then when midnight was over the world and scarcely a spark was left in the candlestick beside him, he rose with a shiver, his thin form bent as though grown remarkably old during that one night, and taking the flickering candle last him, that he might save even that, he made certain the windows and door were secure, and groped his way from the room to a chamber just above, where he slept, the faint spark of his candle looking like an emblem of the life in his shriveled, stricken figure stumbling noiselessly along the narrow hall.

But which of those two would have dreamed—if ever they dreamed at all—that the bluster that night of the storm hid even from a stealthy form that lingered close—very close to the chink in one of the windows, where a ray of light struck upon the darkness from through which a sharp eye could, if very intent, note what was passing within. Which of those two, each striving to outdo the other in shrewdness, could have guessed that every word that was uttered that night, while the wind whistled so uncannily and the treeboughs tapped warningly against the house, was overheard by another than themselves, fastened in securely as they believed themselves to be!

Would the old man have stolen so noiselessly up to bed with that spark of light tracing his way, with even his little piece of mind, had he known? Would the woman have laughed so easily when she turned from the only person to whom she was attached by the ties of blood and all the world?

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. WHITNEY'S CALLER.

Frank Whitney was in his office when Mr. Carlton was announced by his office boy. Very handsome he looked—Neil Carlton—as he walked into the elegant office with his tall, well-knit figure, his fashionable dress, his close cut black hair, and easy smile down upon—the one striking thing about him—that never, at any time, extended to the lazy black eyes. He entered the room with the grace and ease of a prince, but every one of Frank Whitney's friends or acquaintances was certain beforehand that he would receive warm welcome.

The handsome lawyer, reading a letter with a good deal of interest, judged from the frown upon his face, folded it, and still holding it in his hand, made it impossible for any other to even guess at the handwriting, turned with his pleasant smile toward the newcomer.

"How are you, Carlton? Glad to see you. Be seated—I'll give you the easiest chair in the room here! I know you, you see!"

"It's always best to take life easy, Whitney," replied Mr. Carlton, smiling, as he took the stuffed chair his friend pushed toward him. "You'd be better yourself if you take it easier. If you did not grind, grind, grind from morning to night. There's no excuse for this grinding in the old mill of the world, gods! I came in on purpose to warn you, Frank!"

Whitney laughed, but his eyes glanced sharply nevertheless at the unconcerned face opposite him.

"You're one of the easy-going fellows, Carlton," he replied, calmly, twirling the letter he held in his left hand carefully round and round. "I'm not. Because I happen to have money is no reason for my wasting the one talent given me, if it is a talent, to help the idle troughs of the law such poor fellows as slip in. It's a pleasant thing to feel that a body has possibly saved a life. The law is a great thing powerful. You commit a murder, or hatch up one, and I'll hang you, Carlton."

He laughed and those sharp eyes that could be so pleasant with smiling when he chose, were upon the lazy black eyes of his companion. Carlton laughed, too, but he moved uneasily in the chair, and tapped his fingers restlessly upon the arm.

"You are a deuced queer fellow, Whitney," he said, shrugging his shoulders and raising his eyebrows a trifle. "It may be all very nice for you to hang me, but I really don't care to be hung, thank you. I must be slightly uncomfortable, and I go in for comfort in this world."

"And the next" queried the lawyer with sudden sharpness, flipping the edge of his desk with the letter. "I presume you never think of the next world, Carlton. Such follows as yourself seldom think of unpleasant things."

Carlton frowned slightly, but answered with his usual ease.

"There may be no next, Whitney. Some of the strong philosophers say so. But if there is—"

"He shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly, as though he must of necessity let the scarcely probable matter of a future life go, if it was enough to take care of one's self in this one.

"But, by the by, Whitney," he added, after a moment, removing his hand from the edge of his coat, with great care, "talking of courts reminds me that I came in particularly to inquire about Hilton. Of course, one cannot go to the heart of a case, as you've stated, but that's one good thing about being a lawyer; you can fathom the family secrets where you will—I have come to see how Hilton's young fellow gets on, and how his wife takes this change in their fortunes. Remarkably handsome woman, Helen Hilton is. It's a shame that she should be placed in this uncomfortable position through her husband's carelessness—"

"Her husband's thoughtfulness, you mean, I presume," interrupted the lawyer quietly, a gleam in the steady eyes set upon the handsome face at his right. "If Hilton had been any other man, he would not have attempted following Chesney and taking back his hard words. That wasn't Hilton. Not he. He felt himself in the wrong and attempted to right it. He swears this. I believe it. All his friends believe it, and the court acquitted him, not feeling justified in convicting such a man upon the evidence."

"And so," said Carlton, leaning back lazily in his chair, his black eyes half-closed, regarding his companion as though he would fathom his calmness, "and so, through this absurd sense of honor—"

"Through this high sense of honor," corrected the lawyer quietly, his eyes meeting those gleaming, half-closed eyes. "What then, Carlton?"

"Well, high sense, or low sense," continued Carlton, with a careless shrug of his shoulders, "enough his action, be it what it may, he laid this disgrace upon his wife—as beautiful a woman as is in the city—and upon her family as well! I don't know, vaguely, Good Samaritan act, I don't approve of it. He should have known that exposure of their quarrel would place suspicion and publicity upon his wife through the relation existing between Helen and Chesney. It wasn't as I would have done, if I possessed such a wife as his."

"No," said the lawyer, quietly, his eyes growing more keen than before. "I think it was not, Carlton."

Silence came for a short time following this. Then Carlton, straightening up in his chair preparatory to rising and leaving, greater carelessness than before in his face and voice, said lightly:

"Any trace of the true murderer, Whitney? Of course, they haven't give up search. The Cheneyes alone would move heaven and earth to discover the right man; they offer a big reward in that direction; but Hilton's friends should do their best as well."

Frank Whitney were deliberately snapped the letter he held in his left hand with the slim fingers of his right, his eyes upon Carlton's face, and he said, in a voice well-contrayed, as he answered, with as much carelessness:

"I presume they will continue the search, Carlton; they'd not be the men I take them for if they desist here. If anything further is to be made known, it will be made known when the country is ripe for it, and if there be need of immediate action concerning it, you will see either that it is done, or if it is something, perhaps, that would be best kept to ourselves, you will yourself do whatever is necessary. The fulfilment of important business may some day rest in this way upon your shoulders, but I know that I can trust you. If this business happens to be such that either you or others could not enter into it without my presence, I will always leave with or send to my address wherever I may go, that you may at once send on for me. Just at this time care in this matter will rest with my stenographer. I know that you comprehend what I mean and will faithfully carry out my wishes.

"Now, Miss Belaire, if you are ready for dictation, I will give you the reply to this letter, and wish it ready for the mail within fifteen minutes, as I then have to go out and will mail it myself. When one does such pressing business one is so certain that it is accomplished."

He smiled upon his attentive listener, and, unfolding the letter he held in his left, danced lightly over it to make certain nothing was gone from his memory, and began his dictation.

He did this carefully, word for word, and when it was copied and the letter with the copy brought to him, it was addressed in a clear but rather masculine hand to:

JOHN KING, Esq.,
Nanuet, N. Y.

(To be Continued.)

Severe frosts and freezing blasts must come, then come frost-bites, with swelling, itching, burning, for which St. Jacobs Oil is the best remedy.

Caustic.

If a man's liver is in the right place he will find but little difficulty in managing his heart.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

THE CANADA
Sugar Refining Co.
Montreal. (Limited)

Redpath

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
GOLDEN SYRUP
2 LBS NETT

We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of
PURE SUGAR SYRUP
not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with moveable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Eden Bower.

"And so they were married and lived happily ever after," as the story books say. They were married, certainly, but their "happy ever after" was exceedingly doubtful.

Over a year ago, when Madge Wilton and Dr. Robert Rogers became man and wife, every one said that they were just suited to each other. The gray-haired rector, who had known them both from childhood, said that he had never joined in the holy bonds of matrimony a handsomer, happier, more promising young couple than they appeared to be.

Dr. Rogers had already established a lucrative practice in the little town to which he took his bride. And Madge's father had presented them with the loveliest little home imaginable, which was soon christened Eden Bower, because it was so pretty and picturesque, with its verandas and bow windows, and terraces and flowers, and vine-clad arbors, all so tastefully and beautifully arranged, and also because its inhabitants were so happy and fond of each other.

But what was the matter with the young wife to day? Had the snake entered Eden again? Had that wily serpent whispered to her of her first mother, and doomed her descendants to toil and misery, been pouring its poisonous knowledge into her heart?

She was sitting on the veranda, with an open book lying idly on her lap, while the once happy, sparkling eyes looked sad and clouded. There was a sensitive look about the warm red mouth, as though the emotions were very near the surface, and might break forth at any moment.

She did not move as she heard a quick step on the walk, but the tell-tale color flushed the cheeks that were a little too pale a moment before.

"I came for my light suit," said her husband, as he mounted the steps. "It has grown insufferably warm."

"Can I assist you?" she asked, rising.

"No, no! Go on with your book," he answered carelessly, either not noticing or not heeding his wife's tone of excessive politeness.

She sank back in her chair as he entered the house, and sat mutely gazing at space till he emerged again.

"You need not wait tea for me, I may be called out late," he said, kissing his hand to her as he sprang into his buggy and drove away.

Madge rose from her chair and walked restlessly back and forth.

"What is the matter!" she murmured to herself. "Why is Robert so careless and indifferent to me of late! He could not be so changed if he did not think of some one else. I'd rather know the worst, and face it, than suffer day by day with vague suspicions."

She went into the little parlor, where he and she had spent so many happy hours together with their books and music.

"Romance and love are not all in novels; we are getting a fair share of it," he had said, drawing her toward him one day, when he had finished reading aloud a very affecting little story.

She thought of this now, and went to the piano and tried to play away her sad feelings. But she could not exorcise the evil spirit, and arose more more and wandered restlessly into their bed-room.

"How odd for Robert to be so careless!" she murmured, taking his coat from the bed where he had thrown it.

A note dropped from a pocket. She picked it up. It was not in an envelope, and the words "Doctor, come this afternoon," met her eye.

In her ordinary state of mind she would have replaced the note and thought no more about it; but the feminine hand-writing, added to her own harassing doubts, made it impossible for her to resist reading its contents.

"DEAR DOCTOR,—Come this afternoon. Aunt is no better, and it is so lovely for a boat ride.

"UNA OWENS."

"Una Owens!" The name repeated itself over and over in her mind. "Una Owens—Una Owens," she murmured, crushing the note in her hand.

Oh, yes, she knew who she was; it was all explained now. She remembered seeing her driving out with old Mrs. Owens, a childless widow, a miserly old invalid, and the wealthiest patient her husband had.

"What a beautiful face!" she had involuntarily exclaimed to the doctor when she first saw her.

"I didn't think women ever admired each other," he had answered carelessly, and they were soon absorbed in another subject.

How well she remembered that face now, brief as was the glimpse she had had of it! So this was the woman who had taken her husband away from her!

"I cannot be!" she cried, her eyes wide and tearless, her face white and drawn with pain. "It cannot be—there is some mistake. I would sooner think myself mad than believe him false. Oh, no, no! I must be dreaming—mad—anything but that!"

She buried her face in her hands for several moments, but no sobs convulsed the slight, rounded figure.

"I'll go," she suddenly exclaimed. "I'll go to the river bank! I'll see for myself—and then—God help me, the water will be so near!"

Dr. Rogers drove up to the old-fashioned, suburban residence of Mrs. Matilda Owens. A maid servant met him at the door, and without a word conducted him, who was such a frequent visitor, to her mistress' room.

"How are you feeling to-day?" he asked genially, addressing a hollow-eyed, cadaverous-faced old lady, who was reclining in an invalid's chair before a cheery south window.

"Well, doctor, it's them cramps again. It seems like nothing don't do me no good, and Una is so mean and careless. I'll eat her off with a shilling if she don't do better."

"Indeed! Has Miss Una deserted you."

"Of course she has—said she was tired to death, just to go off and read a book! I know her! Little she cares for my cramps, but much she cares for my dollars!"

"This will soon relieve you, I think. You need both internal and external treatment," the doctor said, making a sly grimace as he prescribed some powders and a box of ointment.

"Pity we can't doctor the disposition as well as the body," he thought.

"You are wanted upstairs," said a servant, as the young physician quitted the room of his patient.

"Is some one ill?"

"Miss Una sent for you."

He followed her till she opened a door and then stepped back and let him enter alone.

The room was tastefully, but not luxuriously furnished. Reclining on a divan, with a rose-colored silk shawl half revealing, half concealing her white shoulders, which her low-cut dress left bare, was a very beautiful woman. Her beauty did not consist so much in the regularity of her features, as in the lofty, calm, sweet cast of her whole countenance and person. Her hair was dark and glossy; her lips were full-curved and red; her eyes dark and bright as they looked out from long-lashed, drooping lids. One arm was thrown over her head, the half sleeve falling back and revealing its roundness. A slippered foot peeped from under the soft folds of her white dress.

Whether her pose was accidental or designed, she certainly presented a very beautiful and fascinating picture.

"Are you ill?" asked Dr. Rogers, seating himself on a chair near her.

"I have a dreadful headache."

"Let me count your pulse."

She extended a soft, warm arm.

"Now I don't want you to prescribe any nasty medicine. A boat ride will cure me, and I promised aunt to go out to the little island and get her those books, you know. You will go!" she said, turning her head so that her breath fanned his cheek, and her fascinating eyes looked into his own.

He hesitated; a shade of anxiety passed over his face. He had necessarily met this woman often while attending her aunt. He had many times lingered in the hall or yard to enjoy her society. He had grown to look for her when he came, and thought of her a great deal more than he should have done when he was away from her. She had cast a spell over him something like enchantment, and reason with himself as he might, he had been unable to dissolve it. But he had never yet compromised himself by word or look.

Twice he essayed to say no; twice his lips refused to form the syllable. She saw him waver.

"Just for an hour!" she pleaded.

"As you like," he said, the color coming back to his face, which was rather pale before.

A little later they had reached the old boat-house, and embarked in a shell of a boat, with an old, half-dead boatman to help row.

The water was as smooth as glass. Una carried a pink-lined, lace-trimmed parasol that shed a rosy tint over her face.

It was a lovely day, and she was a lovely woman, and she sang lovely little songs of love. And the doctor thought of love, and I'm afraid he looked love in her eyes, but he said never a word. Not that the old boatman could hear him, but his lips refused to be disloyal to his wife. Let his eyes be as unprincipled as they might and tell their amorous tales, called forth by the voluptuous beauty of the woman and the fitness of the place and circumstances, his tongue was true. And so they floated on.

"You ask me why I love you
I cannot, cannot tell
I, too, have often wondered
Why I love you so well;
But, spite of all my efforts,
I find no reason true,
I only know I worship
Whate'er it is that's you."

The song rang out clear and sweet. Her voice was a pure soprano, well cultivated; so well cultivated that it suggested the professional singer.

The last tones of her voice had just died away.

"Squall coming on!" said the old boatman, the first words he had vouchsafed.

The doctor started as from a trance. A dark, low-lying cloud was approaching, and at that moment obscured the sun. The air was intensely still. He seized an oar and began pulling away for dear life. His wife—his wife! What if he should never see her again! The fear shot through his heart like an arrow.

He looked at the cowering woman before him, but her power to charm was gone; the spell was broken. The sudden danger made him himself again.

Of, if he could undo this last hour! Why had he been so weak and foolish! Would Madge ever forgive him?

And where was Madge? She had snatched her hat and started for the Village boat-house. She did not walk fast, but proceeded with a quietness and deliberation born of calm despair.

When she arrived at her destination she did not see the old keeper of the boat-house. A half-grown, uncouth-looking youth was the only creature in sight.

"Who went in that!" she said, pointing to a boat that was slowly disappearing around a curve in the river.

"Dr. Rogers and a lady."

She said no more, but stood gazing at the boat as it disappeared from view. She remained there some time, still looking seaward. It seemed as if her whole life, especially the last year of it, came up before her like a picture. And what a pretty picture it was! How happy she had been! It seemed ages ago now, and she felt like some other person, some old, troubled woman looking back on the life of her happy youth. She remembered how young she really was, and thought with horror of the long life before her.

"I cannot bear it!" she muttered. "And the water is so near!"

She began to grow weak; her lips trembled. There was a little boat moored to the shore just beside her. She started toward it, reached the water's edge, and knew no more.

. . . . . .

The wind was blowing a gale; the rain fell in torrents. Three very wet and dismal-looking figures emerged from a boat that had just arrived half out of water.

"Come into the boat house till I can get a conveyance to take you home," said Dr. Rogers to his dripping companion. "It will be the way of the transgressor," he muttered to himself as he turned away.

Some one touched him on the shoulder.

"Want you right away. There's been an accident."

"Where is it?"

"This way; the next house. We're afraid the lady's drowned."

He followed without delay.

"How did it happen?" he inquired.

"She came down here just as your boat was going out of sight and asked me who was in it. I told her you and some lady, and then she stood and looked over the river a long time, and before I knew it she walked right off the bank."

A horrible fear seized him. He pushed past the youth, entered the house, and made his way to the patient's room he knew not how.

"Oh, God, have mercy!" he exclaimed, as he saw the white face of his wife.

A number of persons were in the room, and kind hands administered to her; but her face looked set and lifeless.

For a moment he felt paralyzed; all his professional coolness deserted him in the face of his own personal distress. At last, with an effort, he drew himself together and conquered his emotion sufficiently to begin the usual method of restoration.

They rolled her in blankets, and administered all the remedies known to the medical profession. Ever and anon the doctor called her name and groaned in agony of soul.

"Spare her—spare her! I know I am unworthy, but I will atone!" he kept muttering to himself.

At last Madge became conscious. She opened her eyes and gazed wonderingly around her.

"What is the matter?"

"You have been very ill, dear, that is all."

"And I had such a dreadful dream, too. I can't remember it all now," with a troubled look.

"There—don't think of it. You need rest; take this," he said, giving her a sleeping draught.

She obeyed him like a docile child. All night long the repentant husband watched beside his wife and prayed and wrestled with remorse. As dawn approached he slept, his face against her pillow.

He was awakened by a soft hand laid across his brow. His wife was looking at him, perfectly conscious.

"My darling, what does all this mean?" she said.

"It means that God has spared you to me. It means that I have been tempted, and almost fallen, and if you had died the punishment would have been greater than I could bear. Can you forgive me, Madge?"

"Yes, freely, my husband!"

After that Miss Una Owens went back to the city and accepted an engagement at the theater where she had formerly been employed.

She had left the stage a few months before to nurse her widowed aunt, from whom she hoped to inherit a fortune; but the life was so dull, and her aunt so querulous, and the doctor so fine, so attentious, that she gave it up in disgust and sought more congenial employment.

And Eden Bower became Eden Bower once more, and the serpent never entered it again.

Beyond the Twins.

A couple of twin boys were taken into their mamma's room the other day to welcome a new arrival. They gazed upon their new little brother with great earnestness for a time, and then inquired, with one voice:

"Mamma, where is the other one?"

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

DOLOROSA.—See answer to Pug and Violet.

PUG AND VIOLET.—Quotations are not answered. Send something original.

BARBOO.—Thanks for the beautiful Easter flowers. So kind of you! Write again.

OCTAVE MER.—Decision, originality, love of approbation, a pleasing manner and kind heart are shown in your writing.

TALE OF A TUB.—Writing shows self-reliance, domesticity, order, strong affection—I would like to hear from you again.

E. M., Montreal.—Evidently a disguised hand. Send something else, and I shall be glad to give it my best attention.

BLOSSOM.—Your writing shows firmness, faithfulness, a sanguine temperament. You are affectionate, conscientious and rather self opinionated.

MOONLIGHT.—Your writing shows generosity, honesty, candor and firmness. Shall be glad to hear from you again. Write whenever you feel in the humor.

HAZEL.—*Festina lente*, dear friend. It is impossible to answer you before your turn. Your writing shows impulsiveness, indecision, neatness and unselfishness.

NORA, Montreal.—Hope your answer is not too late to find you in Toronto. Writing shows truthfulness, fair talent, affection, adaptability, love of music and order.

O. F.—Thanks for your good words. Your writing shows generosity, conscientiousness, precision, sensitiveness, love of home, and just a little *penchant* to the opposite sex.

NOD.—Your writing is a benediction. I see tenacity of purpose, idealism, candor, conscientiousness and possibility of all domestic virtues. You should be a very good friend Nod!

BOO-HOO.—Your letter has never reached me. Am sorry it has gone astray. Your writing shows strength, talent, fine perception, originality, ambition, strong conservatism. A character both good and brave should be its accompaniment.

PEEKE.—My dear child—I did not like your little note—I shall not try to tell you what you ask me, but do let me tell you how sorry I am to read such a question, and how glad I should be if you would like your spelling book—it would pay better.

LESA M.—Your writing shows great perception, love of approbation, precision, a little discontent. If you do travel, you will thoroughly enjoy yourself. Have you ever thought of taking up the study of nursing? You ought to make a good nurse.

COQUETTE.—Your rather obscurely worded request shows consideration, ambition, talent, desire for praise and the least touch of deception—a common failing following a too strong development of the former traits—so be it, coquette, that I may always believe you mine "sincerely."

SCHOOL-GIRL.—1. Probably arises from defective circulation. Eat warmth-producing food and take a course of Massage. 2. Manner, order and unselfishness, strong affection, great honesty and candor, a very finished hand for a school girl. It is a trouble to answer your questions. I shall be glad to hear from you again.

KATE.—1. Brushing often will sometimes make the hair grow, as it stimulates the scalp. If the hair is dry and brittle it will do a great deal of good, making it soft and glossy. 2. Your writing shows method, prejudice, persistence, generosity. 3. See answers to Lizzie. I shall be glad to hear from you again. It is no trouble to answer questions.

MELANCHOLY.—I like you—judging you by your writing composition. 1. Do you go to the Turkish Baths? Do you take plenty of outdoor exercise? 2. You know the old adage—"Yellow to yellow makes yellow look white." Those sudden, distressing flushes are perhaps due to indigestion, perhaps to a "heart trouble," as a Westen would call it.

LIZZIE.—The reading of photos is discontinued for the present. Let me hear from you in May. Then I shall find time to attend to your request. You are always welcome to ask questions, which I will answer in their turn. Writing shows hesitation, sincerity, candor, great domesticity and desire for approbation. I should like to see in it a little more determination.

WILL.—Wrong again, my friend. Your guess was a little astray. But for you I'll try and be fair! Am glad you find the paper interesting. Should be glad to hear from you at some time. Will answer in the turn. Your writing shows hesitation, sincerity, candor, great domesticity and desire for approbation. I should like to see in it a little more determination.

WILL.—Wrong again, my friend. Your guess was a little astray. But for you I'll try and be fair! Am glad you find the paper interesting. Should be glad to hear from you at some time. Will answer in the turn. Your writing shows hesitation, sincerity, candor, great domesticity and desire for approbation. I should like to see in it a little more determination.

BERT.—Your comical idea about wearing glasses may have something in it. Dear Dan Cupid is a foolish little fellow. Hope you have a long life before you—and the article which you find so far wanting often brings more care than pleasure. Have you any vocation for kindergarten. Your writing shows method and music would be invaluable. Writing shows candor, good temper, and love of fun. I am sure you would make a good kindergarten.

NORTHERN.—You must not indulge in the luxury of self-depreciation to such a great extent. We are seldom loved by our friends for exactly what we are—but for what they think we are. The way to be interesting is to be interested. Have a hobby, read widely, be helpful to those nearer home and your admirers who need you—"Lady Gay" has something to say to you this week. Won't you write to her sometime? The specimen of your friend's writing enclosed shows amiability, love of praise, candor, hope, ideality, conscientiousness and application.

BOURANNIS.—It is impossible to answer you until your turn comes. Almost every one wants an answer "next week." Your hand-writing shows amiability, love of fun, determination, idealism, great self-reliance and candor. I am quite sure, without your mentioning it, that you would be a difficult person to advise, but not less charming on that account. 2. Have you thought of Quite, Sans souci, Dunstika, (the Russian for darling) Fanatic for four languages for your consideration. I prefer the pretty Russian name myself. It sounds very caressing. By all means write to me whenever you wish. Address "Lady Gay" and it will come to me direct.

INCOGNITA.—It is not lady-like to speak of your male acquaintances by their surnames, out if you wish to know whether it is "good form." I dare say it may be. It is an expression often used in England by the tailor-made society girl, who would be ashamed at hearing you speak of her "gentleman acquaintance." That is an Americanism in quite "bad form." Several expressions in use in English society sound masculine to us. They are the fruits of the healthy, hearty boy and girl companionship between the youth and his sister in the Mother Country. One reason that at one; the good fellowship between brothers and sisters in our Land of Liberty is so extremely sweet and refreshing. Is it Ameri n. Can you guess why? But, Incognita mia, it is better to keep all familiar and undignified expressions confined to the intimate circle. Your handwriting shows obstinacy, method, capability of self sacrifice, a strong imagination, a touch of perversity, and something that is almost prejudice—sincerity, and, if not married in early life, Incognita, you will be—an—old-maid.

ROSE.—I was very glad to hear from you again. You may address Lady Gay if you like. About the birds: I know a great deal has been said and written by kind-hearted creatures on the economy of stilling them with bullets and bonnet decorations. But I have noticed that some of the most vehemently these writers keep birds in cages. I think it is more unkind, indefensible and cruel to deprive them for years of their liberty than to kill them at once. And I have also remarked that those who wear them as decorative, on the long ulr ers of these humanitarians. I have worn a bird all winter in my bonnet, but truth compels me to state that he fell dead at my feet in a crowded street, having inadvertently dashed against an electric wire, and therefore he "doesn't count." But the principle on which the controversy rests, that to destroy any of God's creatures something is wrong, cannot be denied. *Voila tout!* 2. The specimen enclosed shows concentration, determination, amiability, perception. There are also traits that exact patience and tact in the "man let the helm." Do you understand? Never mind how you came by it It is merely a study of handwriting to me.

Three Instances.

I had intended to head this article Instinct, but it struck me that two of the stories at least, which I have to tell, can hardly be called Instinct, and as I don't know what else to name them, I call them simply Three Instances.

They are on the same principle as that old story of the sinner who had lived on a cross boat before she became famous, and one night as she stood before the audience somebody shouted out "Low bridge!" and the woman ducked her head.

The first instance is about two young fellows, who, have footed it in the wilds of America, were turning hay in a meadow. The two were talking together as they turned the hay. Suddenly one of the boys heard a soundlike the rattling of very dry peas in a pod. He never looked down to where the noise came from, but with a suddenness that was puzzling to his companion, he gave one sprang and jumped at least half a rod. His comrade, looking in amazement from the boy to the place he jumped from, saw coiled near a spot where a bare foot had been, a large rattlesnake. Two or three blows from the pole with which he was turning the hay, killed the rattler. Now, the young man who jumped had never seen a rattlesnake before, never had heard a rattle snake rattle, was not thinking of snakes at all, did not even see the snake before he jumped, yet if he lived to be a hundred years old he will never again take such a leap as that one was.

The second instance is about a snake that wasn't there. I was up the other day seeing a man who had spent most of his life in India. I noticed that one of the panes of his window was broken.

"How did that happen?" I asked.

"You see," was the answer, "it was this way; Yesterday I went out for a long tramp, and I wore a boule in the toe of my stocking, which I didn't notice at the time and didn't notice this morning when I put it on. I was absentmindedly pushing on my shoe when suddenly my toe touched something cold, and, before I could remember that I was in England and not in India, I kicked that shoe through the window. I never put on my shoe in India without shaking them out to see that nothing was in them in the shape of snakes. This morning I forgot that I was in England and remembered that I hadn't shaken my shoe."

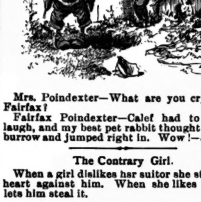
The third instance was something of the same kind. I was coming from the Temple station to the Strand when I saw ahead of me a well-known war correspondent. It was a nasty, slushy day and I hurried to catch up with him. On one of the streets leading from the Strand to the Embankment a good deal of building is going on. At the moment I speak of a cart filled with gravel backed up to where the building operations were proceeding, and the man opened the back of the cart. The gravel, with a rush and roar, fell out on the road. Instantly my friend, the war correspondent, flung himself face down in the mud. He got up rather sheepishly, looked around him and brushed the mud off his trowsers as well as he could. When I came up to him I said:

"What in the name of wonder made you do a thing like that? You didn't trip, did you?"

"No," he said, "I didn't trip. I threw myself down," and he laughed rather uncomfortably.

"It was like this, you see. You heard that gravel shoot out of the cart? Well, that is exactly the sound of a shell overhead. Coming up from the station I was thinking of the Russo-Turkish war, and I was nearly at Plevna and not in London at that moment, and when I heard that rush of the shell I was down on my knees before I thought of it. That's what we always did when we heard a shell coming during the war. If you are down on your face in the sand you are not so apt to be hit by the fragments."—*St. James Budget.*

A Virginia Casualty.



Mrs. Poindexter—What are you crying for, Fairfax?

Fairfax Poindexter—Called hat to go and laugh, and my best pet rabbit thought it was a burrow and jumped right in. Wow!—*Judge.*

The Contrary Girl.

When a girl dislikes her suitor she steels her heart against him. When she likes him she lets him steal it.

The Story of a Life.

Baby,
Toddlekins,
Baby May,
May,
Mamie,
Mame,
Miss May,
Miss Mamie,
Miss Jennie McSmythe,
Mrs. John Johnson, *nee* McSmythe,
Mrs. Johnson,
Mrs. Johnnie Johnson,
Mrs. Johnson,
Mary Johnson,
Mary,
Mary the Terror,
Crazy Mary,
Cell 44, Alcoholic Ward,
No. 4,013, Middle Layer, Trench 13.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

St. Jacobs

A SURE CURE A PROMPT CURE

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
SCIATICA
Back-Aches
all Aches
NEURALGIA

IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

NASAL BALM

NEVER FAILS

CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as pain in the head, partial deafness, hissing sounds in the ears, dull, heavy, hawking and spitting, loss of smell, mental feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of Nasal Balm. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Nasal Balm is sold by all druggists or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents) by addressing

FULFORD & CO.,
Brockville, Ont.

The Wabash Line

Is the shortest and quickest route from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, California, Mexico and all points west and south, the only line running free reclining chair cars from Detroit to St. Louis and Kansas City. The Wabash runs the finest sleeping and chair cars in the world. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets *via* this route. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, 28 Adelaide street east.

Better Have Said Nothing.

Elderly Aunt—My dear, I have just put you down in my will for $10,000.

Her Niece—Oh, Auntie—what can I say to thank you? How are you feeling to-day?—*Life.*

Danger.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Out to the Zoo, kind sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"They might detain you, sir," she said
—*N. Y. Sun.*

Her Anxiety.

Maid—Oh, madam, your husband has fallen in a fit on the parlor floor!

Madam—Dear me! Did he break any of the bric-a-brac?—*Burlington Republican.*

The Song of the Spendthrift.

'Tis folly to spend life hoarding up gold
With intellect from conscience to lock it;
For, as wise men remarked in the past, we are told,
No shroud was e'er made with a pocket.
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All these books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by bookSellers everywhere.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto

Imperial Albums, imitation leather cover, 39c, worth 75c. Beautiful plush covered Perfume Bottles 49c, were $1. Beautiful Jardinieres $1.74, worth $3.50. Moulds in solid zinc, handsomely painted, for Crosses, Anchors, Wreaths, &c., at popular prices. Individual Cups and Saucers from 8c. per pair up to 84c. pair. See our Catalogue. Baseballs, 5c. up. Rubber Balls, fresh goods, 3c. up. A great variety of Gent's and Ladies' fine Purses at most popular prices. Children's Door Swings, plain 21c, upholstered 27c, about half price. A great variety of Housefurnishing Goods. See our price list and catalogue. Our aim is to save you one-half, and on an average we do it in many things more.

W. H. BENTLEY

YOU PAY NOTHING

IT'S FREE

Its examine. Cut this ad out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send it free to you, by express, C. O. D. (all charges prepaid), whichever you prefer, a Gent's Dark Burgundy watch at the express office and if you do find it as fine and satisfactory in every way as claimed for it, and worth $20 to $25 in the hands of any watch dealer, and if perfectly satisfied with it, pay the express company our special Cost Price of $3.98 and take the watch. We watch this offer this was ever advertised in a paper. Gold watches, Dark Burgundy and warranted in every respect. It has solid gold hunting, cases and thumb pieces, beautiful hand-engraved and finely engraved and decorated by hand. Joints, cap, crown, bezel and center are all accurately made, fitted and warranted. Beware of imitations. The movement is a fine WALTHAM WATCH, jewelled throughout, with 18 karat gold jewels, expansion balance, patent pinion, patent escapement, full plate, beautifully finished, accurately poised and adjusted, and warranted as accurate timekeeper. Ladies' watches, each Watch. These watches are sold everywhere for $25.00.

As a guarantee that this is the greatest bargain ever offered, that the watch is worth FAR more than the price asked, we offer to give double the amount back if we refer you to any WHOLESALE HOUSE IN TORONTO. Order now. This is YOUR GOLD DOLLAR.

BEARS & CO., 112 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

The Crown Perfumery Co's DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS EXTRA CONCENTRATED

"A delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—Court Journal. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

177 NEW BOND ST. LONDON

TRULY CALLED THE GREATEST MEDICINE in the WORLD

Absolutely Guaranteed to Cure

The public invited to investigate personally. Pamphlets, testimonials and advice free. Call or address Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., Limited, 120 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., sole owners and manufacturers for the Dominion. Beware of impositions. See our Trade Mark.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

FOURTH YEAR

OVER 1,200 PUPILS LAST THREE YEARS

Send for New 100-page calendar for season 1890-91. Mailed free to any address. Apply—
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director,
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.
Please mention this paper.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.
In affiliation with the University of Toronto.
Thorough musical education in all branches. SPECIAL ADVANTAGES. F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Basso-Cantante
Pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Conductor "Toronto Vocal Society." Voice Culture and Singing. Instruction for Oratorio, Opera and Concerts. 555 Church St.

MISS MARIE C. STRONG
PRIMO-CONTRALTO
OPEN FOR
CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS
Also receive pupils in Voice Culture. Teacher of vocal culture at Brantford Ladies' College. For terms address—
113 College Ave., Toronto

W. O. FORSYTH Studied the Piano with the great German teachers—Krause, Rubinstein and Zwintscher; theory with S. Jadassohn. Schueck, Richard Hofmann (of Leipsic) and Dr. Paul Kleugel of Stuttgarth. Teaches but two subjects—piano playing and theory. Every care given to piano pupils, both professional and amateur, and the most approved methods taught in developing a perfect technique, interpretation and style.
Toronto College of Music or 112 College Street.

S. H. CLARK
ELOCUTIONIST
(Open for Concert engagements and evenings of Readings.)
PRIVATE PUPILS IN ELOCUTION
68 Winchester Street - - - Toronto

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

Misses Eleanor and Edith Rowland
Pupils of Julius Eichberg, Director of Boston Conservatory are prepared to give instruction on
THE VIOLIN
Particulars and terms at their residence.
52 Cecil Street - - - Toronto

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH
Fellow of the College of Organists, London, Eng., and Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints' Church, Toronto, is prepared to give lessons in Organ and Piano playing, Singing, Harmony, &c.
Mr. Fairclough undertakes to prepare candidates for musical examinations. Address—
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipzig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 349 Jarvis Street.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
308 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

T. A. BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne street Methodist church, is prepared to receive pupils in
ORGAN, PIANO AND THEORY
ADDRESS, 46 PHOEBE STREET.

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

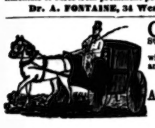
Lowe's Commercial Academy
278 Spadina Avenue
Central School 53 King Street East

Hundreds of Our Pupils Now Holding Lucrative Positions

Persons wishing to acquire Shorthand, Bookkeeping, &c., in a short length of time, and at the least possible expense, should attend the above school.
Many of our pupils have mastered shorthand in from four to six weeks, and bookkeeping in from twenty to thirty lessons.
Pupils are not taught on the business college plan, neither are they charged business college prices,
The Only Charge Until Proficient Being $5
PUPILS ASSISTED TO POSITIONS

CAPILLINE
FOR THE HAIR
Prevents Falling Out
Promotes Growth
Removes Dandruff
25c. Per Bottle
NEIL C. LOVE & CO.
Leading Chemists and Perfumers
166 Yonge St., next to Indian Clock

DEAFNESS
ITS CAUSES AND CURE
Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.
Dr. A. FONTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N. Y.



GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Cruge Stables, 105 Mutual St. Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor)

THE VOICE
Production, Development, Cultivation and Style

W. ELLIOT HASLAM
SPECIALIST FOR VOICE CULTURE
Gives lessons in Singing, and prepares professional pupils for Oratorio, Concert or Opera.
Studio 143 Yonge Street, Toronto

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
ARTIST
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A., SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Cor. Jarvis and King Streets - - Toronto
SPECIALTIES—Outdoor Views, Crayon Portraits.
"THE BEST"

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
5 and 7 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the first Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed.
Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, Yonge Street Market, 391 Yonge Street.

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY
Architectural Sculptor
IN STONE AND WOOD
86 Yonge Street Arcade

THOMAS MOFFATT
Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes
A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.
145 Yonge Street, Toronto

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
WALL PAPER
IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADE AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to Simpson's Dry Goods Store

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

DR. McLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
394 Yonge Street, Toronto
Keeps in stock Pure Homœopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from $1 to $12. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

JAMES PAPE
FLORAL ARTIST
78 Yonge Street, Toronto
Three doors north of King Street.
Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest not'ce.

MEDICAL.

DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street
Homœopathist and Medical Electrician
Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uræmia, Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic, difficult or obscure diseases.
LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant

DR. SPILSBURY
240 Huron Street, first door north of College. Specialist diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear. Office hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3499.
Office 26 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and 7 till 9 p.m. Telephone 1085.

DR. EMILY H. STOWE, 119 CHURCH Street.
Consultation 1 to 5 p.m. In Therapeutics, Electricity and Massage a specialty. Telephone 934.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street.
HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

HENRY C. FORTIER
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Evenings only, 57 Murray Street.

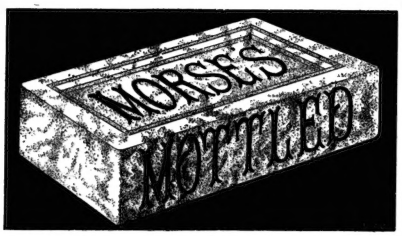
SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

Did it ever strike you?

That MORSE'S MOTTLED is the Greatest Laundry Soap in America? Then you should remember that MORSE'S HELIOTROPE is the very best Toilet Soap you can buy.



:-: NEW MUSIC :-:

No Life Without Love Waltzes
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 60c
Reverie Musicale Valse
By J. C. Swallow.....Price 50c
Move On Polka
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 40
Field Flowers Waltz
By M. A. Weped.....Price 50c
Every piece a gem. Ask your dealer for them or order direct from the publishers
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

Artistic Millinery
THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
65 King St. West
(First floor—opp. Mail Office.)
Are now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring Importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.
MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

DRESSMAKING PARLORS
Conducted by MISS PATON.
Artistic and careful study is devoted to Evening Dresses and Bridal Trousseaux, also Traveling and Walking Costumes. Bathing, Tennis and Holiday Suits, also Riding Habits, a specialty. Possessing favorable facilities for the prompt and spec'y attention to Mourning orders, we have undoubted confidence of securing entire satisfaction.
ROOM—R. WALKER & SONS

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING
The most stylish designs for the coming season, at moderate prices.
MRS A. JAMES
153 Richmond Street - - - Toronto
Between York and Simcoe Streets.

THE SCHOOL OF CUTTING

Teaching our New Tailor System of Dress and Mantle cutting for ladies' and children's garments. Perfect satisfaction assured.
DRESSMAKING
Our art. Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to Costumes and Mantle making.
MILLINERY
Leading styles. Well assorted winter stock at reduced prices.
J. & A. CARTER
372 Yonge St., cor. Wilton
Established 1860 Toronto

DRESSMAKERS'
Magic Scale

The Tailor System of Cutting Improved and Simplified
COMPLETE IN ONE PIECE
MISS CHUBB, Gen. Agt.
Waist Linings and Dresses Cut
CORSETS
made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.
426 1-2 Yonge St.
(Just south of College)

WALKING SHOES
FOR SPRING TRADE
There will be a larger trade than ever in these goods this year. We always lead in Variety, Style, Durability. See our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
H. & C. BLACHFORD
87 and 89 King Street East Toronto

GOOD, WELL-MADE SHOES
Means good health. Our new spring stock of
Fine Shoes for Gentlemen
Fine Shoes for Ladies
Fine Shoes for Children
Is arriving daily, and we can show you an array that will please you if you will call in at
Pickes' Shoe Parlor, 328 Yonge Street

Spring Goods
TO HAND
Winter Goods
Closing Out at Close Cost Prices
Boots
Shoes
Rubbers
WM. WEST & CO.
246 Yonge St.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.
OFFICE: 18 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President JAMES MASON, Manager.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS
ON
March 26, 27 and 28
RETURN TICKETS
Will be sold between all stations
EAST OF PORT ARTHUR
Also Points on Intercolonial Railway
At One and One-Third Fare
Good to Return until March 31, 1891.
SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS
Will be issued Round Trip Tickets upon presentation of Certificate from Principal at above rate, from March 13 to 27, to return until April 20, 1891.

White Enamel Letters
FOR WINDOWS
Caesar Bros.' Patent.
The most conspicuous and durable letter in the market. Not affected by light and frost.
Canadian White Enamel Sign Co.
4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto
A gents wanted in every City and Town in Dominion.

SPRING, 1891
New Spring Overcoatings, handsome assortment of Trouserings, Scotch and Irish Tweed Suitings, English and Fancy Worsted Suitings, Plain and Fancy Cheviot Suitings, Latest Styles of Fancy Vestings, and a full assortment of Plain and Staple Goods just to hand.
For the Latest Styles call on
J. W CHEESEWORTH
The Leading King Street Tailor, 108 King Street West, Toronto

ATKINSON'S
Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH
30 YEARS IN USE

For durability, speed and a fine looking wheel see the Brantfords; they are made expressly for use on Canadian roads, and are the best in the market for that purpose. Bicycles and circulars at 24 West Front Street, Toronto
GEO. F. BOSTWICK
Representative

FINE FUNERAL GOODS
J. A. GORMALY
Telephone 1121 1 TOILER STREET

Easter Week.

(Continued from Page Two.)

hour waiting on and being served by some of Toronto's pleasantest ladies.

•

Miss Proudfoot gave a select little tea the same afternoon.

•

Among various progressive parties I came across the other day a progressive tiddleywinks party, at Mrs. McFarlane's, 300 Jarvis street. The old nursery game of Flip was the means employed under its newer name of tiddleywinks, and the fun was spontaneous and sustained. Thirty-two guests were grouped about eight little tables, among whom I saw Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. and Mrs. J. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Brush and Mr. and Mrs. Earl. Mrs. Macfarlane is leaving in a few days for a month's visit in New York.

•

The Misses Ellinor and Edith Rowland, violinists, late of the Boston Conservatory of Music, took prominent part in the Easter evensong at Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, leading the orchestra.

•

The Owls will meet to-night at the residence of Mrs. Proctor, 71 Grenville street. The reunion was omitted during Holy week. Next Thursday, April 9, Miss Hettir Hamilton of 202 Jarvis street will receive the birds of wisdom.

•

An owlet has whispered me that some members of the club are arranging for the production of several French comedies, at a closing reunion in May.

•

Mr. Coutellier whose clever French lectures have delighted so many hundreds of the cultured people of Toronto has arranged to deliver a series of lectures in Bantford, Stratford, Woodstock, etc. We can assure our readers in those cities that a treat is in store for them. M. Coutellier's bright sparkling descriptions, happy style, and delightful French are almost enough to transport one to the Boulevards of Paris the beautiful.

•

The thirty-seventh annual debate of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, to be held in Convocation Hall, Osgoode Hall, on Friday evening, April 10, the chair will be taken at 8 p.m. by Hon. Mr. Justice Falconbridge. An octette from the Glee Club will render two selections, Mrs. Caldwell will sing Theme and Variations, Proch, and The Rainy Day, Dumptry. The debate is: Resolved, That the Smart System, outlined by Elward Bellamy in Looking Backward, is, in the main, both practicable and desirable. Affirmative, Mr. J. N. Fish, Mr. B. M. Jones; negative, Mr. T. J. Lee, Mr. J. D. Swanson. Mr. H. W. Steward will recite "A Mock Trial, Hyde v. Morgan."

•

Mr. C. A. Hirschfelder is in Kentucky exploring the famous mounds of that state. Those who were so much interested in his instructive lecture will expect further information from him soon.

•

On Wednesday evening last, Rev. Mr. Patterson of Cooke's church united Mr. Alex. Coulter and Miss Bella East, both of this city, in the happy bonds of matrimony. The bride was dressed in lavender silk. Miss Lillie East acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Alfred East assisted the groom.

•

Miss Mabel Maclean Helliwell of 54 Brunswick avenue, who took a prize in the Boston *Globe's* story competition last July, has just been informed that she is again a successful competitor. Miss Helliwell published her first story in the Montreal *Witness* when but twelve years of age, and she is now but sixteen.

•

Col. Skinner of Woodstock, who is making a tour of the world, at last accounts had left India for Hong Kong.

Art and Artists.

It is not very generally known that Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, the wife of the English artist of that name, and herself an artist of much ability, is a Canadian lady. Mrs. Forbes was born in Chatham, Ontario, and spent a portion of her youth in Toronto. A recent number of the *Queen* contains her portrait and a lengthened sketch from which I quote: "Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, who, as Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, has been for some years known in the artistic world as one of our most talented women artists, is a Canadian by birth, and began her first studies in art in New York, under the direction of that brilliant American painter, William M. Chase. After working for a couple of years at the New York Art Students' League, Miss Armstrong went to Munich, urged to this step perhaps by the knowledge that it was at the Academy there that Mr. Chase himself had, as a young man, so successfully prosecuted his studies. Whatever advantages, however, the Bavarian capital might offer to men, Miss Armstrong was not long in discovering that it was not at all a place in which women stood any chance of developing their artistic powers. At the end of five months she had had quite enough of Bavaria, and prepared to depart with much inward thankfulness. Accompanied by her mother, the inseparable companion of all her wanderings, Miss Armstrong next went to Brittany, where she both continued her studies and began the practice of her profession, with the result that she was soon exhibiting in all the principal English galleries. For two years subsequently she worked in London, spending the summer months, however, of one of these years in Holland, at a little village not far from Haarlem. A study of a Dutch peasant, completed during this period, was exceedingly well hung in the Academy of 1886, and added much to her reputation. Then in the summer of that year she resolved to leave London and to go one of those picturesque spots for which our southern coast is famed. It appears that Miss Armstrong had always been a great admirer of Mr. Stanhope Forbes' paintings, and our work of his in particular—the well-known Fish Sale on the Cornish Coast—had aroused in her a strong feeling of enthusiasm. Learning now, through some casual mention in a friend's letter, that it was Newlyn which which had furnished the incidents and local coloring for this picture, to Newlyn she herself determined to go. Strangely enough Mr. Forbes and Miss Armstrong had never yet met, although they had frequently stayed in the same place for periods extending over several weeks. It reads then like a fragment of romance, when one has to record, that within three months of Miss Armstrong's arrival in Newlyn she was engaged to be married to Mr. Stanhope Forbes!" Mrs. Forbes still continues his art career and is an earnest and careful student. She has painted a number striking figure subject and her Royal Academy picture last year, entitled Mignon, received great praise. She is particularly successful in her pictures of child life.

•

Last Saturday night was a gala night for that varied and indefinite world known as Bohemia. The newspaper men of the city gave a smoking concert to the artists of the city at the Academy Art Gallery. But although the guests of the evening were the members of the Canadian Academy of Arts and the Ontario Society of Artists, musicians, actors, men-about-town, doctors, lawyers and business men moved about the rooms and past the varied scenes portrayed upon the walls. The entertainment furnished the guests was of a varied character. Mr. Fred Solomon of the Poor Jonathan Company sang a couple of comic songs, and many of our local musicians gave "pony-glasses" of their wares. Mr. Bell-Smith gave a poetical account of My Hat, and two gentlemen gave an exhibition of boxing, and two more one of fencing; and though I have declined the task of naming the various stars of the galaxy that severally and conglomerately shone so brightly, I must make especial mention of Mr. J. A. Radford, who turned his varied talents to a representation of a French count as a sort of supplement to the other performers. The affair was altogether too enjoyable to write about and do justice to.

The Toronto Philharmonic Society

Have pleasure in announcing the special engagement of

CHARLES SANTLEY

Of London, Eng., the Premier Baritone of the World, for their two concerts, **APRIL 6 and 7.**

Mendelssohn's Oratorio **ELIJAH,** Massenet's Cantata **EVE,** and Miscellaneous Selections.

A Grand Musical Festival

Subscription lists now open at Northeimer's, Mason & Risch's, Suckling's, Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, and the Toronto College of Music. Tickets only $2 each. Subscribers will have first choice of reserved seats.

TRAVEL — A LADY EXPERIENCED in travel will conduct through Europe during the summer a small party of young people or ladies. References exchanged. Address X. J. A., Box 51, Boston, Mass; or 528 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

McKENDRY'S NEW STORE

We'll have a corner in "Saturday Night" every week to let the ladies of Toronto know how the Dry Goods world moves along.

It may seem to some readers of this paper that the correct thing in Dry Goods and Silks is only to be had on King Street. One visit to convince you that not only are the very latest styles represented here, but the prices for some are very little over half what is usually charged. Our

BARGAIN DAY

is Monday. That's a good day to come if you don't mind a tremendous crowd. Look over "The News" to-day and see the column of Bargains we offer for Monday. It will pay you well. We just mention:

Ladies' Jackets, 99c. and $1.19.

Ladies' Jackets, worth $5 to $9, for $3 50.

Doors don't open till 10 o'clock Monday morning, and we close at 6 p.m. sharp.

String band Monday afternoon.

McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET

6 Doors North of Queen

- ATTEND -

THE = BIG = SALE

AT THE BON MARCHE

OF THE $50,000.00 WHOLESALE

MONTREAL BANKRUPT STOCK

OF

Dress Silks! Dress Satins! and Fine French Dress Goods!

ALSO BOYD BROTHERS'

Wholesale Bankrupt Stock of Staples and Housefurnishings

NOW GOING ON IN OUR BASEMENT

AT AND UNDER WHOLESALE PRICES

Call Early and Avoid the Afternoon Rush

THE BON MARCHE - - 7 & 9 KING STREET EAST

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto

Elsie and Pansy Books, beautiful cloth bound London edition, 19c a volume. An abridged Webster Dictionary, 32,000 words, 14c. See our Book Department. A splendid assortment best makes Rubber Balls, 3c up to 19c, worth 5c to 30c. A new arrival, newest patterns of plain and fancy Hair Pins and Back Combs in rubber and shell to be found, from 10c per doz. up. Our splendid line of Oil Shades and Blinds, of best quality made, furnished with the Hartshorn Self-Acting Spring Roller and Pull at 59c each, worth $1. SELL, and buyers are happy. Newest designs and a great supply to select from of Ladies and Gent's fine Purses at half the usual cost. Catalogue and price list sent free on application W. H. BENTLEY

Grand's Repository

HORSE SHOW

IN AID OF THE

Children's Fresh Air Fund

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

SATURDAY, APRIL 11

IN

Shaw Street Rink

(Opposite the Asylum, Queen Street West).

Two hundred of Canada's choicest horses on exhibition. A magnificent collection of trained four-in-hands and tandems. Also high stepping carriage pairs, dog cart horses and hackney cobs will be driven in harness by Toronto gentlemen. Light and heavy weight hunters and saddle horses will be shown under saddle and over hurdles. Mr. Grand offers a prize of $50 for the best performance of professional coachman (in livery) driving a pair of horses in the ring. First prize, $25; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10. Mr. Grand will supply the horses and carriages. Doors will open—Afternoon at 1 o'clock, evening at 7.

Tickets 25c. and 50c. Children Half Price

Come and bring the children.

THE GREAT ANNUAL SPRING SALE

WILL TAKE PLACE

April 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18

AT

THE RINK

AND NOT AT THE REPOSITORY

As in former years. The first three days will be confined exclusively to the sale of high class harness and saddle horses, and a valuable consignment of imported English registered hackney mares and stallions. On the last two days 150 HEAVY DRAUGHT and general purpose mares, geldings and stallions will be sold.

Sale will commence prompt each day at 10.15.

W. D. GRAND.

At the New Home.

Mrs. Wickwire—Oh, Henry! And I told you so particularly before you chose a house to be sure the chimneys didn't smoke.

Mr. Wickwire—Well, this one doesn't. Come outside and see for yourself.—*Judge.*

THE APEX OF Musical Art Manufacture IS THE MASON & RISCH = PIANO =

Webster defines the word Apex as the tip point or summit of anything, and it is universally acknowledged that

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO

Forms the apex and crowning point of the Musical Pyramid of Canadian Manufacture.

We claim to have rescued the Canadian piano from reproach, and by skill and perseverance to have made an instrument

THE ADMIRATION OF MUSICIANS AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE BROAD BASE OF MERIT

Upon which the reputation of our Piano rests consists of their unsurpassed

BEAUTY OF TONE | ELASTICITY OF TOUCH | CHASTE ELEGANCE OF DESIGN | EXTRAORDINARY DURABILITY

HEAD OFFICE: 32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

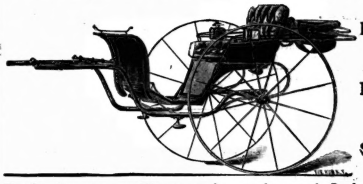
Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

W. G. DUNN & CO., London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

CRABLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.

6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

LITERARY PEOPLE who desire manuscripts put into perfect order o. printing or for reading before societies can have such attended to for a moderate fee by addressing

MISS I.H. STEWART, 39 Adelaide St. E., Toronto

Typewriter Copyist

GERMAN. FRENCH. SPANISH

THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES

NATURAL METHOD BY NATIVE TEACHERS

TORONTO: Canada Life Building. MONTREAL: Nordheimer Block, 207 St James St.

DIFFERENT BRANCHES:

St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Winnipeg, Man. Brantford, Ont. Kingston, Ont. Ottawa, Ont. Bangor, Me. Calais, Me. Yarmouth, N. S. And other cities.

Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 8 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.

Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

FREE Your Portrait in Crayon

With every dozen of our Cabinets I make a large size Crayon Picture of yourself. Satisfactory expression and artistic pose are some of the features of my work.

LYON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO

Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets

Look for Progressive Euchre Presents

AT

BROWN'S, 110 YONGE STREET

Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets

Just the things for Progressive Euchre Parties

MODERATE PRICES

Ladies should not fail to inspect our new importations of

FINE FANCY DRY GOODS AND STAPLES

They will find them to be a source of delight and pleasure and the

Great Variety of Designs and Styles

and our moderate prices are guarantee

THAT EVERYBODY WILL BE SUITED

H. S. MORISON & CO.

216 and 218 Yonge Street.

SPECIAL EARLY

MANTLE DISPLAY

2,900 NEW GARMENTS

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF MANTLES

LADIES' JACKETS---Coats in all the newest shades and styles, and in Black, Navy and all desirable colors. HUNDREDS OF STYLES.

NEW DOLMANS, WRAPS AND DEEP CAPES.

CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' Coats and Wraps in all the new shapes and colors, very cheap.

Heptonette Cloth Waterproofs and Tweed Waterproofs in great variety.

TO THE TRADE---We sell at specially close prices.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East - - - - 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Although the lenten season has closed there are very few social functions heard of so far.

On Easter morning the churches all looked beautiful with their artistic decorations, and the musical services were rendered by the different choirs throughout the town.

The church of Ascension had a special musical service in the evening, at which Mrs. Wylie sang a solo which showed the exquisite quality of her voice to great advantage.

Mr. J. H. Stuart of the Bank of Hamilton at Chesley, spent Easter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis of Toronto spent a few days in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin of Toronto spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin.

Mrs. Grant of King street East will give a dance next Wednesday evening.

Mr. Hugh Harlsborn of Toronto spent Easter in town, also Mr. H. McGiverin.

Mrs. Edward Martin will be At Home on Friday afternoon to a number of her friends.

Miss Spratt is spending a few weeks in Toronto with her sister, Mrs. Armour.

SYLVIA.

A Great Dry Goods House.

One of the most prosperous and energetic of the large retail dry goods houses, which are keeping pace with the city's growth, is that of Mr. R. Simpson, at the corner of Yonge and Queen streets. This establishment has been in existence for twenty years, and during that period has experienced a steady growth, until now it has assumed proportions almost mammoth. A visit to Mr. Simpson's extensive warerooms, with their piles of dainty and luxurious goods and crowds of bustling employes and customers, is an entertaining sight, indicating well the immense amount of business transacted. Among the goods of which this firm carries a large and varied stock are carpets. There are beautiful Tapestries, Brussels, Wiltons and Balmorals, are imported direct from England. In this category may also be included a complete line of floor cloths, linoleums, etc. The stock of lace curtains carried by this house would be difficult to surpass. Nottingham, Swiss and Brussels curtains of many designs and excellent qualities are comprised in it. There is also a most complete assortment of Turcoman portiers and everything in that line. The mantle department is filled with the very latest styles from the European markets, and of every quality from the richest class of embroidered goods to the more substantial and less showy workaday jacket. Beside the mantle department is a well lighted millinery show room in which ladies will find the most dainty and tasteful productions on the market. In this department, goods are manufactured on the premises and every care is taken to give purchasers satisfaction. Mr. Simpson has stocked his dress goods department with an immense stock of seasonable stuffs in every line, beautiful silks, dainty prints, delicate satteens and an infinite variety to select from. Everything is excellent and the most fastidious can be suited. Among some of the other lines contained in this immense establishment, embracing four storeys in height, are tweeds, shoes, fancy goods, books, stationery, etc. An elevator carries customers to the upper floors, and everything is made as convenient as possible.

Books and Magazines.

The Canadian reader of the *Atlantic* for April will probably turn first to the continuation of Francis Parkman's account of the capture of Louisbourg by the New England militia. Another most interesting paper is entitled Goethe's Key to Faust, by W. P. Andrews, in which is included a new translation of the Arcangels' song, in many respects the best that has been made. Mr. Stockton continues his amusing serial, and there is published the first part of a two-part story by the late W. D. O'Connor. Mr. Clinton Scollard publishes another oriental poem of some length, entitled Easter-eve at Kerak Moab; other short poems include the names of T. S. Collier and Dr. Parsons. Other interesting articles are, The Muses in the Common School, by Mary E. Burt; Prehistoric Man on the Pacific Slope, by G. F. Wright, and Arnold Winkelried at Sempach, by W. D. McCracken. The book reviews and the Contributors' Club are as enjoyable as usual.

The principal feature of the April *Lippincott's* is the complete novel, Maidens Choosing, by the famous authoress, Ellen Olney Kirk. Some Familiar Letters by Horance Greeley and The Elizabethan Drama, and the Victorian Novel, by T. D. Robb, are also interesting. Several short poems and literary articles are included and Yarns About Diamonds fulfills its name.

To readers of Ibsen it may be of interest to note that in the March *Contemporary Review* is published a poetical translation of a scene from Brand. It is occasionally most dramatic, and is a rare treat to those who have enjoyed the great Northman only through the translations of his prose dramas.

Messrs. McKendry & Co., who since moving into their elegant new store, No. 202 Yonge street, are taking advantage of all the first-class advertising mediums to let the ladies of Toronto know what they have to sell. SATURDAY NIGHT reporter visited the store yesterday and found the scores of clerks and saleswomen busy as bees serving hundreds of customers. The appointments of the store are as nearly perfect as such things can be got. An elevator takes ladies to the lace curtain rooms, mantle room and millinery show room. The latter is decidedly one of the most tasteful in our fair city. Our lady readers can pay this firm a visit feeling satisfied that they will be well served.

It's a Poor Rule That Won't Work Both Ways.

Alice Denning, the daughter of a Williamsbridge dairy farmer, is just five years old, and her baby brother, not yet christened, has owned an identity exactly the same number of weeks. As is customary under such circumstances, Alice viewed the infant's advent with marked disapproval, and listened with gloomy silence when her mother endeavored to arouse her interest and satisfy her curiosity by telling her that the little boy had been found lying under a currant bush, where the good fairies had placed him. Her father even showed her the bush, behind the barn, where the child had been discovered.

Alice remembered that last spring a bluebird had hatched out a family in the orchard. She had taken one of the young birds, while it was still in a state of nudity, and brought it into the house, but Mrs. Denning had made her take it back to the nest and restore it to its parents. She had committed that lesson faithfully to heart.

Yesterday morning the baby disappeared. Luckily babies of that age are soon missed, and as he was not in the house Mrs. Denning, in great alarm, went out to find Alice, thinking that the little girl had taken him. Alice was cautiously peeping around the corner of the barn, intently watching the currant bush that her father had pointed out to her, and under its boughs, where the fairies had formerly deposited him, the baby, well wrapped up in a blanket, was lying asleep on the snow. Alice admitted that she had placed him there, hoping that his first guardians would take him back, as the bluebird had received its returned nestling last year.

DENTISTRY.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2266

DR. FRED J. CAPON, Dentist
12 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
25 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

J. G. ADAMS
DENTIST
346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2064.

FLORAL Bingham's PERFUMES
100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ELLIOTT—At Fort Erie, on March 28, Mrs. J. L. Gordon Elliott—a daughter.

DUTHIE—At Toronto, on March 12, Mrs. John Duthie—a daughter.

BODEN—At Toronto, on March 26, Mrs. N. H. Boden—a daughter.

RENFREW—At Toronto, on March 29, Mrs. Allan E. Renfrew—a son.

TESKEY—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. W. Rufus Teskey—a son.

FURNIVAL—At Toronto, on March 28, Mrs. A.W. Furnival—a son.

HOPPER—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. William George Hopper—a son.

HEMMING—At Toronto, on March 31, Mrs. H. E. S. Hemming—a daughter.

CLARK—At Toronto, on March 23, Mrs. Nicholas J. Clark—a daughter.

Marriages.

CROWLEY—OVEREND—On March 27, William Crowley to Annie Overend of St. Catharines, Ont.

CHALMERS—BROWN—At Toronto, on March 25, James Chalmers of Shelburne to Colina Grace Brown of Nottawa.

HODGINS—BURGESS—At Christ Church, Rawal-Pindi, India, on the 17th January, by Rev. A. N. Spens, senior chaplain, Charles Bertram Hodgins, lieutenant R. A., son of Thomas Hodgins, Q. C., Toronto, to Aimes Gertrude, eldest daughter of Col. Burgess, Royal Artillery.

SPENCE—PATTERSON—At Buffalo, N. Y., on March 20, Thomas A. Spence to Mrs. Martha Patterson (Adams), both of Toronto.

ARBUCKLE—PICKEN—At Toronto, on March 31, Matthew Arbuckle of Kilmarnock, Scotland, to Jennie M. Picken.

DEVINS—HENDERSON—On March 20, Isaac N. Devins of Toronto to Hattie J. Henderson of Hollin.

Deaths.

WESTON—At Louisville, Ky., on March 22, Charles W. Weston, Inspector Guarantee Company of North America, formerly of Toronto.

DAVIS—At Davisville, on March 30, John Davis, J.P., aged 72 years.

FORD—At Toronto, on March 28, Mrs. L. C. Ford, aged 40 years.

GRANGER—At Whitby, on March 29, Victor Conrad Granger, aged 12 years.

McCLINTON—On March 28, Mrs. Ann McClinton, aged 88 years.

COLTER—At Toronto, on March 31, George Joseph Colter.

EAGER—At Waterdown, March 27, Mrs. James Eager, aged 41 years.

KEARNEY—At Toronto, on March 29, Florence Kearney, aged 8 years.

HUNTER—At Brampton, on March 18, William Hunter, aged 75 years.

BIRD—At Barrie, on March 30, Elizabeth Montgomery Bird.

KERR—At New York, on March 29, William Henry Corry Kerr, M.A., aged 54 years

GARRET—At Toronto, on March 29, Mrs. A. N. Garrett, aged 24 years.

MCQUILKIN—At Toronto, on March 28, Samuel McQuilkin, aged 48 years.

BROWN—At Eglinton, on March 30, Amelia Brown, aged 85 years.

McCLEART—At Toronto, on March 28, David McCleary, aged 47 years.

MALLANEY—At 38 Claremont street, Toronto, John Mallaney, aged 64 years, a resident of Toronto for the past forty years.

THIS YOUNG MAN'S OCCUPATION IS GONE

And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

We take up, clean, relay and sew carpets and guarantee first-class work and no injury to the goods. Carpets called for and returned to any part of the city. Capacity 3,000 yards daily.

Telephone 2686. Send for price list.

Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works
44 Lombard Street
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS., Props.

Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

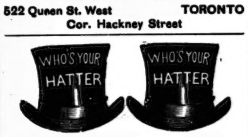
WELLINGTON STOTT
170 King Street West - Toronto

Fathers - - and - - Mothers

Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.

With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.

T. K. ROGERS
522 Queen St. West TORONTO
Cor. Hackney Street



J & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 Yonge Street TORONTO
Telephone No. 2575

DIAMONDS.

GE TROREY
61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

BUY THE

LEHIGH

Celebrated Lehigh Valley COAL

FROM THE

ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.

BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.

Head Office - - - Chicago, Ill.

Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada

Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM

is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN

The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
Sciatica	Spermatorrhea
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Disease
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Disease
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW

Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
72 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Mention this paper.

OAK HALL

OUR

Boys' Suit Department

Is a marvel. The diversity of styles, range of fabrics, beauty of design and superiority of workmanship must be seen to be appreciated. For the holiday season we offer exceptional bargains in Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

OAK HALL
115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager